Sam'l S. Good.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK,

HIS

LIFE, WRITINGS AND INFLUENCE.

A Memoir

BY

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EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

HIS LIFE, WRITINGS AND INFLUENCE.

IN drawing up this memoir of a prominent scholar and citizen of New York for a New England magazine, it is easiest and best to write from the given point of view, and to treat the life and service of Evert Augustus Duyckinck as they appear to a New England man who was his neighbor in New York for nearly thirty years. The facts of his career are already well known; and if a full and able and affectionate memorial is needed, the wisest course would be to transfer to these columns the admirable paper of William Allen Butler, read before the New York Historical Society at the January meeting. That paper at once allows us to be assured of knowing well Mr. Duyckinck's personal career and animating purpose, and enables us to go beyond the author's own plan, and to consider his friend's connection with history and literature during the important period in which he lived from 1816 to 1878.

I went to live in New York in the October of 1849, and soon made his acquaintance, as a neighbor and friend of letters. His home had been almost from the time of his marriage in 1840 at No. 20 Clinton Place, the home from which his body was borne last August to St. Mark's Church for the funeral service. Clinton Place, when I first knew him there, was a conspicuous and central resort of society, and many of its residents were distinguished for wealth and fashion, but he had at the beginning the same simple dignity and choice taste that he kept to the last, long after that gay street had been so far given over to business and boarding houses. Mr. Duyckinck was then thirty-three years old, and he had already made his mark in literature, as contributor to the New York Review and other publications, and as editor of the Literary World, which he began to edit in 1847.

New York was then in a transition state and just entering upon the new cosmopolitan era which was in some respects a matter of disappointment as well as of pride to men who were, like Duyckinck, born in the old provincial New York which ended with the completion of the Erie Canal and the virtual annexation of the great West in 1825, and who had grown up in what may be called the middle age of New York, from 1826 to 1850, during which the city had become the business metropolis of the country. The third stage of growth was a little too fast and too far for the comfort of many of the old residents, and when, in 1850, the Knickerbocker city, proud of her Croton water, her great daily papers, and her extending railways, established her own line of steamers to Europe, and started her own fleets to the Golden Gate of California, the fear was expressed that the new city was outgrowing her history and its landmarks, and falling into the hands of a new multitude, most of whose half million of people knew little and cared less for the old fathers of Manhattan. Mr. Duyckinck had much of the old fashioned sentiment, yet he kept up with the new progress, and at heart he was quite modern in his love of liberality in literature and politics as well as in religion.

It gives his position and career a certain definiteness to indicate his place and associations during the forming period of his career. His father, Evert Duyckinck, who was for about forty years a bookseller, and died in 1833, had his house at No. 9 Old Slip, and his store adjoined it in Water Street in the rear, far down town in Old New York; and there too, not far distant, was Columbia College, in College Place, at its intersection by Park Place, where the son Evert received his academical education, and became a graduate of 1835. He afterwards lived in the new quarter which the city occupied in its great start from its old home that began about the year 1826, the year when St. Thomas Church, which he afterwards attended, was built, at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, and the congregation since known by the name of the Church of the Messiah, settled down at the corner of Prince and Mercer Streets near by. In 1849 he still worshipped at St. Thomas Church, although population was crowding upward, and Ascension Church was consecrated in Fifth Avenue in 1841, and Grace Church in Broadway, corner of Tenth Street, in 1846. My own ministry was for fifteen years within a stone's throw from his house (1849—1864), in the Church of the Messiah, which was consecrated in 1839, and abandoned for a more favorable site in 1864. No eyes watched more carefully than his the astonishing growth of the city since it began to pass upwards towards the Harlem river with such speed and grandeur; and the fact that he chose for the resting-place of his books the Lenox Library, so far up and midway in the line of the Central Park, is proof that this loyal Knickerbocker had no churlish quarrel with the spirit of the nine-

Evert Duyckinck.

teenth century. The New York of 1849, when I first knew him, had some treasures which were not possessed by the magnificent city which he left in 1878. Among his associates then were Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, Charles King and William Kent, while new residents of high name and promise with George Bancroft at their head were enriching the growing metropolis with their culture and their society. It is not well to forget that Dr. William Adams had been in the Broome St. Presbyterian Church since 1834, that Dr. H. W. Bellows, then in his Broadway Church, had been over his parish since 1839, that Dr. E. H. Chapin had been in his Murray Street Church for a year, and Dr. Bethune, whose stout heart beat like a trip-hammer, could be felt from his pulpit in Brooklyn, to which he came from Philadelphia in 1849.

I. There is much interest in tracing out the roots of a life so characteristic as Mr. Duyckinck's, and so closely connected with the history of New York and the development of American literature. We ask, therefore, what were the facts of blood and breeding that made him what he was and enabled him to do what he did. We must not forget what he never forgot, yet never obtruded, that he was of Dutch lineage, and that his family can be traced back to the founders of New Amsterdam. We are not told what relation was borne to his race by the Evert Duyckinck, one of the little Dutch garrison at Hartford, in 1640, who while sowing grain was struck "a hole in his head with a sticke, soe that the blood ran down very strongly," but we do know that his ancestor Evert Duyckinck married Hendricke Simons, Sept. 9, 1646, and that the fourth Evert married Harriet June, Oct. 15, 1814, and in 1816, November 23, Evert Augustus was born, and seven years afterwards George Long, his brother and helper, was born October 17, 1823. Without going far into Dutch antiquities, a thoughtful student of history cannot but look upon a cultivated, genial, liberal, earnest and devout man like Evert Augustus Duyckinck, in connection with his race, and especially in contrast with the traits of theological rigidity so characteristic of its dominant powers. Before the island of Manhattan was bought from the natives in 1626, and the first governor Minuit arrived, the rigid Calvinistic party had triumphed over the Arminians or Remonstrants, Olden Barneveldt had been executed and Hugo Grotius had found safety in exile. When we ask for specific representatives of the civic wisdom and the generous theology of those Dutch martyrs among the magnates of New Amsterdam, from 1626 to 1664, the reply is not easy or satisfactory; yet the Remonstrant spirit must have been there, and it has shown itself in the whole subsequent history of the Dutch American race, and it has come to light conspicuously, like the fountain Arethusa of old, that reäppeared in a distant river. Mr. Duyckinck's visit to the monument of Grotius in the new Kirk at Delft,

his birth-place, in 1839, with his associates Bleecker and Beekman, is a good illustration of the survival of the essential spirit of that great jurist, moralist and theologian, after a quarter of a thousand years since his exile. Verplanck was also an admirer and student of Grotius, and the friendly relation which has existed for so many years between the Episcopal Church to which he belonged, and the Dutch Reformed Church which came so near to it in orthodox conservatism, and differed so far from it in Calvinistic dogmatism, illustrates the Remonstrant leanings of many men who came of the old Dutch race in America. The recent anniversary of the founding of the Dutch Reformed Church here in 1628, and the presence of the rector of Trinity Church, throw light not merely upon a historical fellowship, but upon a certain spiritual affinity.

Young Duyckinck evidently sympathized more with the Remonstrants who fell with Barneveldt and Grotius in 1619, than with their adversaries who triumphed at the synod of Dort. His whole education combined, with his gentle, devout and loyal nature, to make him love the spirit and the worship of the Church of England, which was brought so near to him at home, at college, and by the favorite books of his early years. There was apparently when he was born a certain drift away from the stern and ghostly old theology of the Dutch and English Puritans to more humanity, taste and culture in religion. The babies who made their appearance in the year that welcomed him to the light, may help out our study of the influences that attended him. In 1816 Daniel Huntington, Parke Godwin, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar and Robert Traill Spence Lowell, with other persons of much mark, came into the world to illustrate the art, the social science, the civic wisdom and the religious life of the new generation. It is well to remember that two years before that date, in 1814, Motley, the best interpreter of Holland, and the champion of its place in universal history, was born; and one year before it, in 1815, William Ellery Channing made his great protest, not for the sect that claimed him and for which he cared so little as a sect, but for the practical basis of religion in the Divine Nature and in human character, a protest which makes his name precious to all who love christianity and distrust human dictation. It is a fact worth recording, that the last sentence in Mr. Duyckinck's Diary in Holland, written April 7, 1839, is this: "Read this evening Channing's noble essay on the character of Fenelon, including his views on human nature." His companion, Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, appears to have been a disciple of the Massachusetts liberalism of the conservative school, and to have been fond of quoting Buckminster and Channing in behalf of the christian principles of that school.

If we examine thoughtfully the period in which Mr. Duyckinck was trained for his literary career, we shall see its important

relations with the revival of letters, or with the American Renaissance in which he was to take so conspicuous a part. Our American history for a hundred years has been divided into three equal portions, which are named severally the period of the Grandfathers, 1776–1809; that of the Fathers, 1809–1842; and that of the Children, 1842–1876. Taking this ground, we may say that Duyckinck learned in the period of the fathers to do his work and to say his say for the children. Although he was a prolific writer from his youth, and we have publications of his as early as 1836, in a transient paper called The Literary, he began in 1840 as editor of the Arcturus, the serious work which in various forms he continued for nearly forty years to his death. To know what he was and what he thought at the interesting time when his mind was ripening for manly production, we cannot do better than to look through the two manuscript volumes of his Diary in Europe, for the year from November, 1838, to 1839, after studying the various scholarly articles which he previously contributed to the first two volumes of the New York Review in 1837 and 1838.

Looking at him from our New England point of view, and comparing his characteristic line of thought and culture with that of our own set of Massachusetts scholars at about the same time, we recognize the decided influence of the English type of literature and religion, under the lead of Washington Irving, as distinguished from the Transcendental and perhaps Germanic school of thinking, which is so strongly marked by the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose name we always speak with honor, whether in agreement or dissent. Massachusetts and New York, years before, both felt alike the first stir of the Renaissance in the rise of the spirit of citizenship against the old dictum of theology and the church; and in some respects the New York patriots were in advance of the men of Lexington and Bunker Hill, as well as more memorable contributors to the consolidated nation. New York, too, had led the way in elegant literature, especially in romance, history and popular essays, with the help of Cooper, Irving and others, whilst probably New England bore the palm in the culture that shines in the forum and the pulpit, and could hardly find rivals to the eloquence of Webster, Everett and Choate, or to preachers so classic in style and so thoughtful in habit as the masters of the orthodox and liberal puritan pulpit of fifty years ago. Duyckinck clung closely to the old English standards of culture, and went stoutly for a New York school of letters that should be a full match at least for the rising New England literature. In that spirit he wrote for the New York Review those fine, thoughtful articles upon George Herbert and men of that stamp, not in a narrow temper indeed, but rather with hearty and generous recognition of the new and startling school that was rising in Boston and Cambridge. In his travels it is plain that he had made up his

mind, and that his path in life is clear before him, alike in his personal rectitude and his literary and religious views and habits.

He does not affect to be a saint in austerity, and he is willing to take a joke as well as make one, to see a fine play and a fine actress. Still he is at twenty-two a serious, devout young man, a hater of gloom and bigotry, but a lover of religion, rejoicing in an earnest sermon, an impressive worship, and apparently always ready to join devoutly in the Holy Communion. In Paris he thus wrote on the last night of the year 1838, after speaking of the profound sense of ignorance which the arts and learning of Europe impressed upon him: "The last moments of the year—that even now strikes as I write *points upward*, and so pray it may be with me and mine, that when time with us is latest, our thoughts may be highest. A Happy New Year to my friends at home, and the blessing of Heaven upon them. Amen." The very sentences which head his Diary, those ample and rich quotations from Bacon and Burton and Fuller, indicate well the spirit that carries him abroad to the shrines of ancient wisdom and modern culture and art; and these sayings from the fathers of English letters show how much his advisers differed from those of so many young Americans of his day who went abroad agog for the chance to kick up their heels and wag their tongues and ventilate their nonsense without restraint. He carries the same thoughtful spirit to the end of his travels, and he thus, September 23, 1839, sums up his impressions of the Peculiarities of England: "Foot-paths by the roadside, good roads, good hedges, cheerful rights of way through parks and by the side of rivers and cultivated fields, attentions of servants at inns, punctuality and attention of coachmen, no loiterers on Sunday about the doors of churches in London to see the fine women. Proper notions of economy, respect for the individual by letting him alone, better literary notices and theatrical criticisms. The little relics of old days still left—the landlady bringing in the first dish of the course at dinner at Stratford-upon-Avon was a delightful incident at the Red Horse. The custom of turning to the East in the creed in the churches. No mosquitoes. Per Contra—We have no *common informers*—are not law-ridden—are churchmen by choice under the voluntary system—have no powdered footmen. Treat an Irishman well."

It may be that in comparing young Duyckinck with the choice young voyagers to Europe from New England in that day, he may have fallen behind them in a certain dashing individualism which was so characteristic of Yankee independence exaggerated by transcendental reliance. Certainly there were marked traits of thought, brilliancy and originality in the leaders of the transcendental school in its palmy days, when it served the pulpit and press as well as the school and ballot-box, and called on every man and every woman too to be true to the light and the life within them. But in the recent

decline of that school, and in the reaction of the present generation from all ideal enthusiasm towards exact science and material interests, there is a strong and growing portion of New England men and women who look reverently upon the hallowed faith and firm institutions which Duyckinck loved. Perhaps the Dean of Westminster, himself the youngest heart in popular theology, gave a hint of his reading of the rising thought when he preached in the pulpit of Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston, and made a reverent pilgrimage to the shrine of the transcendental prophet Emerson at Concord. Duyckinck would have gone gladly with the Dean to both places, and given his adhesion to that combination of the new culture with the old religion. He was for years an intimate correspondent with Hawthorne, who once occupied the old Concord manse, and he could speak in terms of admiration of the profound thought and the exquisite and unique diction of Emerson. Perhaps his unwearied industry, with his committal of himself to long and laborious undertakings for publishers, kept him from winning a name with the new essayists in pointed and brilliant writing. As the case stands, we must allow, that whilst he taught a wholesome loyalty to religious institutions, he might have learned a certain inspiration and freshness from the New Englanders, whom he both admired and criticized.

In thus reviewing his years of preparation for his life-work, which we may perhaps regard as closing in 1840, when he undertook with Cornelius Mathews the charge of Arcturus, a Monthly Journal of Books and Opinions, we have traced this gifted son of the Knickerbockers from his ancestral root and his household, social and academic training, to his final development for his life-work. We find in him the remonstrant side of the old Dutch mind in alliance with the tolerant and comprehensive spirit of the English Church, a cross between Hugo Grotius and Jeremy Taylor. Washington Irving helped him greatly to carry this spirit into literature, and to make him in his literary departure more in sympathy with the quiet and conservative temper of old English scholars than with the radical thinking which was pressing into New York and all America from New England, with not a little help from Germany, and from Carlyle the mouth-piece of modern German thinking. It may be that under Duyckinck and Mathews, Arcturus was meant to be the bright and particular star of loyal New York culture, and that the racy, thoughtful essayist and the original and somewhat crotchety politician and romancer, who were its editors, were understood to carry the combined lights of Irving and Cooper to their task.

II. Mr. Duyckinck's years of continuous literary work extended from his return from Europe and his connection with Arcturus to his death, August 13, 1878—a goodly period of nearly forty

years, years surely full of good fruit. To estimate his labors duly is more than we can presume now to do, alike on account of their number and importance, and because the materials are not now wholly at hand, and his careful studies of Shakspeare are waiting the publisher's opportunity. It is enough for us now to glance at his literary career in its general bearings, and to look upon him in his services as editor, historian, biographer and critic.

What a procession of persons and associations rises before us as we think of the experience of a man who has been closely concerned with periodical literature in New York during the last forty years! Very likely its history and philosophy have been written by some thoughtful theorist or some sparkling essayist, but if so we have not lighted upon the interesting document. Within that time the grand journalism, that now makes New York such a power in the world, virtually began. Arcturus showed its light at about the same time with The Tribune; and The Literary World, which Mr. Duyckinck conducted for five years, ending with 1853, saw the rise of the giant of the monthlies, Harper's Magazine, and its rivals.

Before there had been a sort of fatality about periodical literature in New York; and Boston for years had held the palm, with the North American Review, which had kept its firm, though quiet way, since 1815, and the Christian Examiner, which succeeding the Christian Disciple that began in 1813, had kept its standard of liberal scholarship flying since 1824. If we except the Knickerbocker, which began in 1832, with much of local prestige as well as editorial ability, and lived for about twenty-five years, and the Democratic Review, which lived from 1838 to 1852, the most promising New York periodicals soon came to an end. It is not easy to see why it was that in a community so orthodox and theological, the efforts to establish a first class literary and religious periodical so signally failed, like the Literary and Theological Review of Leonard Woods, Jr., 1833—1839, and the New York Review of Dr. Hawks and his associates, 1837—1842. But so it was, and the comparatively small circle of Massachusetts liberals carried their two pet literary and religious reviews, the North American and Examiner, safely through all this period of wreck to the most hopeful organs of New York culture and faith. The cause of the difference was evidently not in the indifference of New York christians or the zeal of Boston believers, but in the fact that New Yorkers trusted more to fixed doctrines and institutions, whilst Boston made more account of new and debatable opinions; or that New York left to the pulpit and the prayer book much of the task which Boston confided to the review. This idea is somewhat confirmed by the fact, that when the leading class in Boston ceased to look to their reviews as the organs of the dominant secularly conservative and religiously innovating thought, and based their hopes more upon science and industry, those reviews lost ground and sought refuge in New York,

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS, D.D., L.L.D.

Francis L. Hawks.

where the Christian Examiner, after a few years of struggle under a brilliant editor, died in 1869; where the North American has now spread wings as a dashing monthly, and bears hardly a trace of its old critical fastidiousness.

As standing committed to periodical journalism, mainly if not exclusively literary, Mr. Duyckinck and his brother must have watched with great interest, not without some pain, the striking revolution in the fortunes and the evident decline of organs of literature purely such. The apparent triumph of New York over Boston was less the triumph of New York literature than of business and capital, and of the active national and cosmopolitan dash over the calm meditative life of books and study. The new great dailies and magazines went into every thing that interested the public, and carried their capital with them into news, editorials, correspondence and illustrations. May we not say that a new philosophy virtually went with the new departure of the daily and periodical press? It was seen that life goes by will as much as by thought, if not more, and that the great thing is to know how the will of men and nations is moving before we can analyze their opinions or appreciate their theories. How the cat jumps is more important than how she reasons or fails to reason, and the cosmos of man and nature has very much of the cat in its composition, and often jumps without sufficient reason. Any thoughtful man who will compare the newspapers and monthlies of this present date with those of forty years ago will see what we mean by this distinction, and how far the discussion of books and opinions, or of ideas in general, has yielded to the recognition of active forces, and the dynamic view of man and nature has got the better or the worse of the contemplative, sentimental, and even the ideal view.

Mr. Duyckinck, as an editor, suffered by this change. Although he wished to be *up* to the times, and did not churlishly reject any elements of the new order, he was a student of books and a critic of opinions and taste, with little of the dash and muscle that came with the coming push and progress. He also was very much of a recluse, and although bred to the law he was not fond of crowds nor ready in debate, nor telling in ring of voice or play of gesture. He gave his heart and pen to his country in her great and noble struggle, but he kept out of the rush of numbers and of enthusiasm that so changed New York and the country when the war broke out; and in some important respects he was left behind by the new and not wholly good and true ways of thinking and doing that came within the last sixteen or seventeen years. He evidently saw that he could not be all things, and he was determined to be himself and to do his own work; and he was his own quiet, earnest, devoted, self, and he did his useful, good and true work to the last.

The Literary World, which was continued by Mr. Duyckinck and his brother till 1853, through thirteen volumes, was in point of

ability and character, a success, but not as a financial enterprise. It was high toned, learned, timely and interesting, whilst its refined taste and courteous temper were not to the liking of the lovers of the cut and thrust style of criticism that was growing in favor. Mr. William Allen Butler speaks justly of its characteristics from his ample knowledge of the man and his writings, thus:

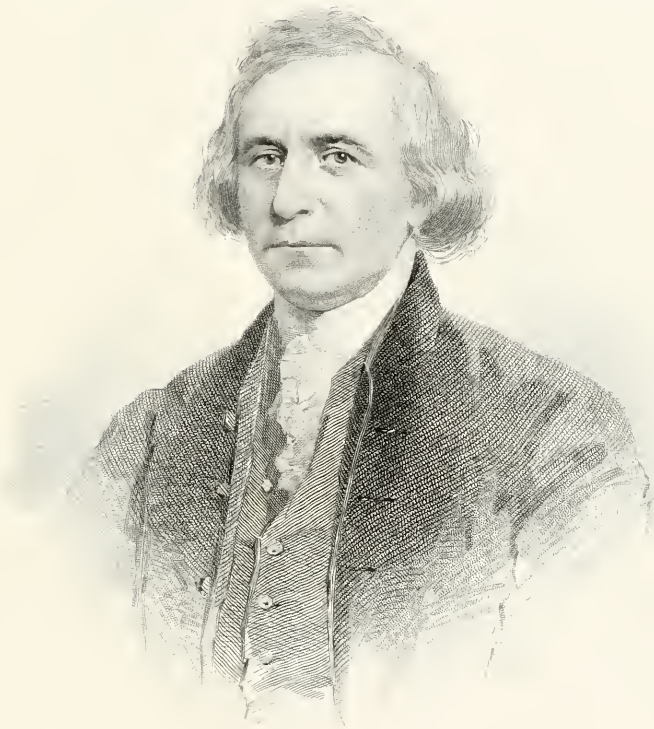
"But although the *Literary World* was not a permanent success, the work done upon it was not lost.

"There is this difference between the failures of ventures in journalism and ordinary business reverses, that while the types and presses and mechanical appliances by which they are carried on may figure in a bankruptcy schedule as very unavailable assets, the written words to which they have given permanent form and expression on the printed page remain and become a part of the great body of literature to survive and to find their permanent place and value if they are intrinsically worthy of preservation. Many a famous or well-deserving poem, essay or article, has first seen the light as a contribution to some short-lived magazine or journal which may have served as a kind of fire-escape for the genius imperilled by its destruction."

The discontinuance of the Literary World left the brothers free to do other literary work with their enlarged knowledge and new associations and facilities. In 1856 they completed the elaborate and valuable Cyclopædia of American Literature, in two volumes octavo, with Charles Scribner as publisher—a book which is based upon the idea stated in the preface: "The voice of two centuries of American literature may well be worth listening to." Ten years afterward a Supplement was added, after the death of his brother, bringing down the work to that date, and a new and much enlarged edition has recently been published under other auspices by a Philadelphia house. We take from Mr. Butler's memoir the condensed list of Mr. Duyckinck's other works:

"In 1856 Duyckinck edited the 'Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith, with a biographical memoir and notes.' In 1862 he undertook the task of preparing the letter-press for the 'National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans,' published by Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., a series of biographical sketches and portraits forming two quarto volumes.

"This work had a very extended circulation, the number of copies sold having long since exceeded one hundred thousand. A contemporary 'History of the War for the Union,' in three quarto volumes, and another extensive work, 'Biographies of Eminent Men and Women of Europe and America,' were written by him for the same publishers. He also edited for them a 'History of the World,' in four quarto volumes, compiled chiefly from the Encyclopædia Britannica, and in great part by his son George. Less elaborate works were the editing, with a memoir and notes, of the 'Poems of Philip Freneau,' the American edition of the 'Poets of the Nineteenth Century,' a memorial of John Allan, the well-known New York book collector (printed by the Bradford Club), commemoration sketches of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Henry T. Tuckerman and James W. Beekman, read



before the New York Historical Society and printed by it, and similar memorials of John David Wolfe and Samuel G. Drake, the last named for the American Ethnological Society. Immediately after the death of Washington Irving he gathered together and published in a single volume an interesting collection of anecdotes and traits of the great author, under the title of Irvingiana."

He also wrote memorials of Solomon Alofsen, Thomas Ewbank and Fitz Greene Halleck. He edited a Library of Choice Reading, published by Wiley & Putnam. He wrote also articles for the North American Review, and for leading New York journals, upon subjects of the day. He was associated with Mr. Bryant in his last important literary work, a popular edition of Shakspeare, in which Duyckinck was to do the laborious preliminary work, and Bryant was to give the final judgment. I well remember hearing Bryant speak of this labor, when in the June of 1875 I accepted his invitation to visit him at Roslyn for a few days, and in the words of his note, "the pouting lips of the strawberries" added their persuasion to his. He told me that he had that year gone carefully over every line of Shakspeare's plays and poems, and the large body of notes submitted to him, and given his critical opinion of each questionable point. In the manuscript preface he thus speaks of the division of labor in the enterprise:

"Among the variations in the texts in the old copies called readings, are many the genuineness of which is matter of dispute among commentators. * * * In selecting the most authentic of this class I should not have been willing to rely on my own judgment and opportunity, and have, therefore, sought the coöperation of Mr. Duyckinck, whose studious habits of research and discrimination fitted him in a peculiar manner for the task. With the assurance of his assistance I undertook the work, and it is due to him to say that although every syllable of this edition has passed under my eye and been considered and approved by me, the preliminary labor in the revision and annotation has been performed by him."

Mr. Butler fitly speaks in these words of the congeniality of these labors with the closing years of the life of this acute critic and accomplished scholar and thoughtful man:

"It is pleasant to think that his last labor was one so congenial to his tastes. Hindered by no calls to alien or disturbing duties or rough competitions in the outer world, it was pursued in the seclusion which he loved, among the ample sources of aid and illustration in the books by which he was surrounded. From the first scene to the last he went page by page, line by line, through all the dramas which the world accepts under the name of Shakspeare, with the patient and conscientious care imposed by the nature of the work and his sense of duty, and, as we may well imagine, with something of the reverent devotion to the minutest details which a mediæval monk might have given to the task of illuminating the record of the legend of a patron saint. The labor thus delighted in was often an antidote to sorrow and pain, and a source of strength and comfort. He showed me on one occasion, with evident satisfaction, the portion of the

work he had in hand, and to an intimate friend, in an interview near the close of his life, when he was suffering great pain, his patient endurance found relief in words supplied by the great dramatist,

> 'Come what come may,
> Time and the hour run through the roughest day.' "

With these literary labors Mr. Duyckinck united constant services for the public good, and as a member and for years the Domestic Corresponding Secretary of the New York Historical Society, as Trustee of Columbia College, and in his connection with parish offices and with various movements in behalf of culture and patriotism, he filled his days with good works to the last. To those who in his later years had the privilege of seeing him quietly in the rear third story room of No. 20 Clinton Place, when his growing infirmity kept him from going up and down stairs, there are cherished remembrances of the man and his words. Sometimes he was at work critically upon the text of Shakspeare, and again he was busy with his favorite bible, a polyglot, in which he was especially fond of reading the Greek text. At times he was a great sufferer and spent whole nights without sleep, yet he was gentle and uncomplaining, and he told an intimate friend shortly before his death, that he was ready to die, and he wished to live only to save his wife and the mother of his children who had all gone, the pain of utter loneliness.

III. So lived and died Evert Augustus Duyckinck, and to us he leaves the legacy of his character and his influence. It only remains for us now to estimate in general terms the extent and value and bearing of that legacy.

He certainly did a vast deal of work, and of good work, in those forty years, from the time when in 1836 he first went into print in The Literary, a little magazine of college contributions, to his labors in 1878. Not only have we many goodly volumes from his pen, but he has given careful and fine distillations of the whole harvest of current literature, so that his pen brought not only the fruit of the author's own vine, but rich wine from the ripe clusters of many a neighboring vineyard that had come to his press. His Cyclopædia of American Literature is a rich treasure, alike of critical study and careful selection. He and his brother have been blamed and even ridiculed for their large hospitality to many writers whose fame has not survived to the present day; yet the hospitality may have nevertheless been just and valuable, and time, which changes reputation, does not always preserve wisdom or reward worth; and moreover it is important to note the decline of popular favor of authors, whether the cause may have been the author's weakness or the public's forgetfulness or folly. As a treasury of the old literature of America, the book was in its time of inestimable value, and they who had occasion to use it in practical

studies are fair judges of the great labor and judicious discrimination given to its composition. Add to this principal work his great store of critical papers in leading reviews, from the New York Review and Arcturus of his earlier years to the thirteen solid volumes of his Literary World, and remember his careful volumes of history, biography and critical editing, and we have before us a library of no small magnitude, and one which goes well with the rich treasure of literature and art which is to stand in his name in the noble Lenox Library on Central Park.

As to the quality of his work, there can be but one opinion so far as fineness of taste and purity of sentiment and conscientious labor are concerned. That he had not more of the dash and fire that are so essential to the new and successful writers of our day, we may ascribe to his temperament and to his time. His temper was gentle and his habit was sedentary and meditative, and to him Art appeared more as a ministry of beauty than as an utterance of force. He lived a somewhat secluded life, almost wholly in his city home; and a rustic hermit like Thoreau, who was born the year after him, 1817, and a dashing romancer like Dickens, who hunted the game for his readers in fields and lanes and among thieves and beggars, were alike wonderful and strange to this votary of books and denizen of brick walls. Yet he was no ascetic, and the pressed flowers in his diary and his wide-awake comments upon nature and art, men and women, show that he was full of life at the outset; and his deep, earnest eye, and his unflagging industry to the last, prove that the pluck of the race of Van Tromp and of Rembrandt had never died out of him, and that this mild scholar was at core a hero too.

As to the bearing of his life and work, many things may be said, but one thing seems fitly uppermost. He lived at a time of the parting of the ways, when the old faith and culture were called to struggle for life with the new materialism and worldliness. He of course sided with the old faith and culture, but he did this in a characteristic way, which we must discern in order to understand the drift of his career. He came forward at a time of the new departure in christendom, when within the body of believers there was to be a struggle between the new and the old order, and great strife arose between the historical church and the various forms of independent opinion and fellowship. He took sides from the beginning with what he regarded as the historical church, and perhaps he was something of a partizan in his conservatism among the church champions of the New York Review, such as Francis L. Hawks, William Ingraham Kip and Horatio Potter. Yet he never sided with the party of Formalism, and he was earnest for the union of culture with religion, the light and sweetness of the University with the faith and worship of the Church. In this respect he was of great service at a time when culture was in danger of being discouraged by cer-

tain church leaders and driven out into non-conforming quarters or secular cliques, whilst stout sticklers for antiquity united a certain grossness of living and habits of self-indulgence with rigid formality and dogged orthodoxy. Duyckinck loved the old English literature that grew up under the combined influence of the University and the Church, and he did much to make the same reconciliation in America, especially in New York and New England, although what he did was not fully appreciated at the time as it is now.

The Puritan Independents had done more for American culture than any other people, and Duyckinck was not blind to this fact, and he tried to bring the cultured side of the English church to match and also to modify the Puritan scholarship. As early as 1836, in The Literary, he was the champion of the old English literature against the new radicalism; and as he grew in years and wisdom, he aimed to unite his love for the old learning with just appreciation of the new thought and style, so that he became a kind of minister of reconciliation between the puritan and the churchman, the independence of the university and the conservatism of the church. He did not do this work by controversy, but by interpretation and conciliation; and he has had much to do with the recent better understanding between those two leading representatives of the English speaking races in America, New England and New York. In his Cyclopædia of Literature he introduced the leading authors and thinkers of each community kindly and intelligently to each other, and as a critic and a neighbor, he ushered New England writers and scholars to the society of the Knickerbockers, perhaps not unmindful of the fact that whilst Irving the pet of New York had laughed them into notice, Motley the pet of Boston had written them into respect and honor.

New York has had some reason to dread the rush of invading Yankees, and there are still men and women who are such sticklers for old Dutch and English Gotham that they wish that no Yankee had ever set foot upon the banks of the Hudson. One stately dame lately said as much to the writer, and did not wince when reminded that her distinguished husband drew his first breath in the Granite state, and was a New Hampshire Yankee. Only think of the provocation from such hordes of invaders from the Yankee realm; what scores of prominent politicians, from Rufus King and Samuel Osgood of the ancient days, to W. M. Evarts and E. D. Morgan of to-day; what companies of preachers, from Gardiner Spring and Stephen H. Tyng of the old school of orthodoxy, to Drs. Washburn and Storrs of the new; what marked men of the New England liberals, from Channing and Edward Everett and Follen and Dewey of the old time, to Bellows and Hepworth and Alger of the present; what a power of transcendentalism in journalism and on platforms, since Brook Farm sent its brilliant thinkers and talkers to edit our newspapers and magazines, and to open the way for a new religion

under the apostle of the Masonic Hall, O. B. Frothingham. Duyckinck saw this inroad, and perhaps suffered loss of money and readers by it, but he did not lose his temper or his catholicity. Both as a man of society and a critic, he was courteous to the Yankee invaders, and he who writes these words thanks him heartily for his great good will to him when a stranger and since the new abode has become his familiar and loved home. He grew in sweetness and good fellowship, and even his churchmanship became milder and more comprehensive, whilst not less earnest and devout. He sometimes spoke of his satisfaction in listening to sermons that used the language of literature and life instead of the terms of technical theology; and when his son, the young clergyman, died, he found that christianity came nearer to him as it touched the affections and relations of his own life by presenting to him practically in his need the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Christ. His tribute to James W. Beekman as a devout and catholic christian of the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian church, shows his own comprehensiveness and his fellowship with all who love the bible and the sabbath.

In his quiet way he did a great deal to bring the motherly, institutional, devout and churchly spirit of New York to bear upon puritan independency, and his mental hospitality thus gained as much as it gave. In fact there was much in him that readily came home to a refined scholar or theologian of Boston or Cambridge. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Young and the Rev. Dr. Greenwood were men much akin to him in their love of the old English prose writers and poets, and the elder Dana and Allston were fathers of a culture that went before his day and won his reverence. It is interesting to note in the January number of the New York Review of 1838, in his own hand writing, the initials E. A. D. over an article upon George Herbert, and the name of Hillard upon a review of Talfourd's Life and Letters of Charles Lamb, a review which is not ascribed to this accomplished man elsewhere within our knowledge. Thus they met forty years ago, and their whole lives flowed together in the tide of refined and generous scholarship, in which George S. Hillard lived so loyally and brought such fruits of rich culture to his age and its renaissance. The editor of Spenser and the editor of Shakspeare worked virtually together in their lives; and in their deaths they were not long divided. The new union of generous culture and church life in New York and Massachusetts has much to do with the studies which these men and their associates pursued, with the spiritual needs that they felt and the practical tendencies which they encouraged.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck and his brother have gone, and their dust rests near that of Irving in a spot that proves them lovers of that charming man and of his attachment to the letters and the life of old England and to the best culture of America. We might well wish for more public demonstration of honor to Duyckinck's

spotless and winning life. Mr. Butler's tribute was worthy of its subject, yet too little notice was given to its forthcoming, and only a daily paper perpetuates its careful record and discriminating and loving appreciation. But there is comfort in remembering how many and how various tributes have been paid to Duyckinck's worth, and in how many forms his name survives. It is well that his large and rich collection of books and works of art will be kept together in his name in the stately Lenox Library, and we trust that care will be taken to keep together there whatever has come from his own fruitful pen.

We have no Westminster Abbey with its eloquent memorials in America, yet our people have heart enough and memories enough to make one. These records of history and genealogy help the nation towards keeping its sacred trust of worthy and gifted men. In preparing this imperfect memoir, the writer is allowed by your kindness to put one stone to the monument that is rising in memory of this faithful friend, accomplished scholar, steadfast patriot and christian man.

NOTE.

Much regret has been expressed because Mr. Butler's faithful and interesting Memoir of Mr. Duyckinck before the New York Historical Society, January 7, 1879, has not been published in permanent form, and on this account I have been glad to make copious extracts from it in this Memoir. Mr. Butler had an advantage in having his discourse follow so closely the fine address of Mr. George William Curtis, of December 30th, in commemoration of the life, works and genius of Bryant. I could not refrain, in some few remarks at the time, from referring to this fact as illustrating the friendly personal relations between Bryant and Duyckinck, and their significance as officers of the Society, in showing the close connection between New England and New York. It is certainly true that the New Year opened more sadly to many because they are no longer with us, and the venerable poet and the genial man of letters no longer meet us in society or cheer and teach us by their pen.

The present period of our history recalls common remembrances of the old colony times to both communities. The Dutch Reformed Church here commemorated its 250th Anniversary last year, but three months after the celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the landing of Governor Endicott at Salem, Massachusetts, and the establishment of Congregationalism there. Next year, the arrival of Winthrop at Charlestown and Boston will have its 250th Anniversary, and we have Winthrops here as well as there now. It is interesting to recall the facts, that whilst in 1626, the Dutch began to worship in the loft of a mill in Manhattan, the English at Plymouth, in 1627, were found by De Rasieres worshipping in the lower story of their fort. The Dutch and the English alike in Europe and America have never wholly lost sight of each other, and Irving and Motley in different ways keep them in each other's mind. It is worth noting that the two most conspicuous books on theology just now come from Holland, and whilst Van Oostezee represents conservative Christianity, Kuenen is the present standard bearer of American radical religion. S. O.

154 West 11th St., New York,
Feb. 28, 1879.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK,

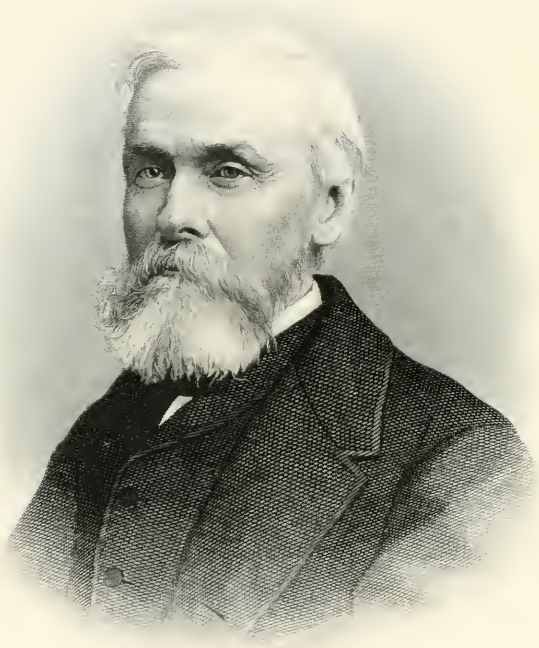
HIS

LIFE, WRITINGS AND INFLUENCE.

A Memoir

BY

SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., LL.D.



Evert A. Duyckinck.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck.

A Memorial Sketch

READ BEFORE THE

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

January 7, 1879.

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

NEW YORK:
TROW'S PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
205–213 East Twelfth Street.
1879.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

Born, November 23, 1816.—*Died, August* 13, 1878.

In attempting a sketch of the life and literary labors of our late associate, Evert A. Duyckinck, I dismiss, at the outset, any misgivings as to the degree of general interest attaching to a career whose daily course came so little under public observation, and whose chosen aims were so far removed from the ordinary pursuits of men. At first thought the life of a scholar and man of letters, passed chiefly among his books, and marked by an avoidance of society and a withdrawal from the world, presents few points of attraction, and may seem to furnish little material for even a brief biographical notice. But the friend whose memory we honor was not a mere recluse, living a selfish life of intellectual ease. He was a faithful and life-long worker. If his field of labor was retired, it was no less the scene of constant and patient toil; if he preferred the quiet of his books and the companionship of their authors to the stir of active life and the social intercourse of the world, it was not to hide or bury the talents committed to his keeping. In his self-chosen seclusion he was always contributing his measure of honest work to that true commonwealth of letters in which there is no conflict between the capital of intellectual gifts or acquirements and the labor of brain and hand, but where all are co-workers, each in his own sphere, for the advancement of the best thought and intelligence of the race.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck, the son of Evert Duyckinck and Harriet June, was born in the city of New York, November 23, 1816. His family name was conspicuous in the list of the early Dutch settlers in this part of the country. In Hazard's collection of State papers there is a notice of the depredations of the Connecticut Colonists upon the lands of the New Amsterdam people, under the rule of the West India Company, in which it is said that "they of Hartford have beaten the servants of the high and mighty, the honored companie from their lands, with sticks and plow staves, and among the rest struck Ever Duckings (Evert Duyckinck) a hole in his head with a stick, so that the bloode ran downe very strongly downe upon his body."

Evert Duyckinck, the second of the name, who married Elsie Meyer,

February 3, 1704, settled, during the later Colonial times, at Raritan Landing, New Jersey. Of the nine children of Evert and Elsie Duyckinck, the third, Christopher, who married Catharine Gautier, was actively engaged during the Revolutionary War in aid of the struggle for independence. His son, Evert, the oldest of seven children, and the father of the subject of the present memorial sketch, became a resident of the city of New York about the beginning of the present century, and engaged in the business of a publisher and bookseller. His house, No. 9 Old Slip, and his store in Water Street, adjoining it in the rear, were well known to the residents of old New York, by whom he was held in high esteem during his thirty or forty years of active business life. He gave to Messrs. J. & J. Harper the first order they ever received for book printing. It was for two thousand copies of Seneca's Morals, a large edition for the time, and, considering the subject, perhaps larger than could be disposed of in these degenerate days by any of our modern publishers with all their increased appliances of trade.

A pleasant allusion to the veteran publisher was made in a letter of Diedrich Knickerbocker, published in the *American Citizen*, New York, January 23, 1810, not included in any collection of Washington Irving's Works, but reprinted in Mr. Stevens' *Magazine of American History*, for May, 1878. In this letter the veracious historian of New York expresses his regret that his work had not been published by his much esteemed friend, Mr. Evert Duyckinck, "a lineal descendant from one of the ancient heroes of the Manhattoes, whose grandfather and my grandfather were just like brothers." At the time of his retirement from business, Mr. Evert Duyckinck was the oldest publisher in New York. He died in the year 1833. It appears from a passing allusion in a note-book of his son Evert, that a love of domestic retirement and quiet was characteristic of the family. Speaking of the luxury of a wood fire in Paris, he says: "A wood fire will always be associated by me with home and my best early days by my father's and mother's fireside. My father had a Dutch tenacity to domestic habits that no friction of travel will rub out from me either. In his store in Water Street he kept heaped-up fires—a back log in the morning like a hogshead. In the ashes after dinner a few Carolina potatoes were commonly buried, where they lay heaped-up like the tombs of Ajax and Patroclus. In the evening, over the embers, my uncle Long always came to talk over the business of the day, while I kept close to the corner, rarely venturing to go among the dark shades at the further end of the room."

The only children of Evert Duyckinck, the publisher, attaining majority, were Evert Augustus and George Long, the latter named after the uncle just mentioned. The two boys, between whose ages there was a difference of seven years, grew up in that daily contact with books and literary associations which, to a mind naturally intelligent, is often the most potent influence in determining the pursuits of after years. Evert was graduated from Columbia College in the class of 1835, at the age of nineteen, and afterward spent two years in the law office of the eminent jurist and practitioner, John Anthon. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, but the profession of the law presented no attractions to his retiring and contemplative nature. His strong bias for literary studies and pursuits, conspicuous during his college course, had been shown in his contributions to leading literary journals published in New York. For Park Benjamin's *American*

James W. Beekman

Monthly he wrote some papers, under the title, "Felix Merry's Fireside Essays," which one of his classmates, a competent critic, characterizes as "a charming series of graceful, gossiping lucubrations." He soon afterward became a regular contributor to the *New York Review and Quarterly Church Journal*, for which he wrote reviews of the Poetical Works of Crabbe, Mrs. Hemans, George Herbert, and Goldsmith, besides many other critical pieces. His love of old English literature, the department of study in which he always delighted, was exhibited in an article in one of the earlier numbers of the same review, in which his name is associated as a contributor with those of Chancellor Kent and Bishop McIlvaine.

A little brochure, called the "Literary," had been issued as early as 1836, for which young Duyckinck, still in his minority, furnished an essay on the same favorite subject, "The Old Prose Writers," a most graceful paper, showing a thorough insight of the theme he treated, and marked by the taste and discrimination which always guided his pen, and the elevation of thought which was his constant source of inspiration.

In the autumn of 1838 he left home for a year of travel in Europe, which he made not merely an opportunity for gratifying the curiosity of an American in Europe, but largely a means of verifying by his own observation what he had learned in his studies of the life, manners, and associations of the Old World. "I desire," he says, in the opening pages of the diary from which a quotation has already been given, "to traverse Europe and look upon it with the eye of the Past, as Howell, or Evelyn, or Wotton travelled in the seventeenth century. I have come to see a various drama acted on a large scene, nor will I be disappointed for want of faith in the ordinary delusions of the theatre." He was most fortunate in forming the acquaintance, in Paris, of Mr. Harmanus Bleeker, of Albany, an eminent lawyer and scholar, a descendant, like himself, of a good Holland stock, who was about to visit the land of his ancestors under the most favorable auspices. He invited Mr. Duyckinck, and his friend and fellow traveller, James W. Beekman, to accompany him, an invitation gladly accepted. Mr. Bleeker was versed in the Dutch language and literature, and was well known in Holland, where soon afterward, during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren, he represented the United States as Minister at the Hague. "As honest as Harmanus Bleeker," was a phrase of John Randolph which conveyed a sincere tribute to one of whom Duyckinck says, "he follows truth fearlessly in everything." He proved a most congenial and instructive companion in travel, delighting his juniors with his good sense and the results of his long experience at the bar and in public life, and with his fund of anecdotes, of which Duyckinck testifies, "they are always good, and always new and rare, and many an hour of travel have they beguiled on the long, straight roads of the Low Countries."

The tourists entered Holland at Grootzundert, a post on the frontier of Belgium. The appearance in their passports of such honest Dutch names as "Bleeker," "Duyckinck," and "Beekman," aided, no doubt, by the ingenuous countenances of their proprietors, elicited a courteous waiver of custom-house scrutiny, and the freedom of the Netherlands seems to have been conferred upon them without any troublesome formalities. A private audience of the King, accorded to Mr. Bleeker, as the President of the Saint Nicholas Society of the ancient city of Albany, and a ball at the palace of the Prince of Orange, were part of a round of entertainments and

hospitalities from which Duyckinck was disposed, under the impulse of his retiring and independent disposition, to draw back. "I began," he says, to question my position, when I found Mr. Bleeker received by the great lords of the State, and myself included in the invitations. I dislike to receive any attention to which I have not some right in myself. It sacrifices independence. But I was fairly invited by Mr. Bleeker to accompany him as a fellow-traveller. He draws these attentions upon us. For myself, I am a looker-on in Vienna."

Few lookers-on ever brought to the quiet task of observation more good sense or a keener appreciation of whatever was worthy of note. His rare opportunities for seeing life in Holland at its best were well improved. His journal, in the neat, firm handwriting, expressive of his exact method and nicety of taste, is a series of sketches drawn from nature and society with a vivid charm of expression in their descriptions of scenes and incidents of travel, which reminds one of the easy grace of Irving, and, in their pictures of social life and personal traits, of the quick vivacity of Horace Walpole. In company with Mr. Bleeker, Duyckinck made a thorough exploration of all the places of interest to a literary man and a Hollander by descent. In a book of heraldry, at the house of Baron Westreenan, a noted antiquarian, they found their respective coats of arms, and at the hospitable tables of the burghers of Amsterdam and the Hague a fraternal welcome. There, as the journal attests, "eternal amity was sworn between Holland and America, and if," says Duyckinck, "the ocean that separates us were of wine (like that in the Veræ Historiæ of Lucian) these Dutchmen would drink it up for the sake of a closer union."

It is curious and pleasant to observe from these notes of travel in Holland, more than forty years ago, the high repute in which the best people there held the American authors whose works were familiar to them through their translation into Dutch. With an ignorance as to the condition of society and manners in America so profound, that the question was put to Duyckinck by an intelligent Hollander, at a diplomatic dinner, whether travellers in his country "subsisted by the chase," they were yet highly appreciative of Irving's "Columbus," Marshall's "Life of Washington," and Cooper's novels. Perhaps these last had furnished the ground for the apprehensions of the worthy diner-out, that, in case he visited New Amsterdam, he would have to depend for his subsistence upon the success of the Leather Stockings of Manhattan Island in bagging their daily game. However this may be, the same kindly greeting given to these well-accredited tourists was accorded to the works of their countrymen, a fact which loses none of its interest in the thought that this was long before the history and the heroes of the Netherlands had received their best commemoration from the pen of an American scholar.

But, pleasant as were these hospitalities, it is evident that the ideal life which our traveller had set before him was quite different from one made up of social gayeties. His longings for quiet study and for labor in his chosen field were not dissipated. A characteristic entry in his journal betrays, perhaps quite unconsciously to himself, his ruling hereditary passion for a sequestered life. Returning from a stroll in the Deer Park, a favorite resort for his solitary rambles while a resident at the Hague, he writes: "If I were a believer in the ancient transmigration, I would sigh for the quiet, ruminating, contented ideas of a well-antlered deer, browsing leisurely along and watching the little business of his world around."

The dream of a home of domestic happiness and of congenial studies and pursuits was not long in having its full realization. After leaving Holland, in April, 1839, he spent the summer and autumn in England and Scotland ; returned to New York late in the year, and renewed at once his cherished associations with his books and his co-workers in literary labors. His first serious work, after his return home, was in the editorship, in conjunction with Mr. Cornelius Matthews, of a monthly journal, *Arcturus*. Mr. William A. Jones was also engaged in the enterprise, and the three wrote almost all the articles. Some of Duyckinck's best work was done in this magazine, which is not inaptly described, in one of Edgar A. Poe's sketches of literary men, as "a little too good to enjoy extensive popularity." It ran through three volumes, and gave Duyckinck the opportunity of using his critical talent on a wider and more independent field than had formerly been open to him, and brought him into closer contact with authors and publishers, with whom he was always a favorite and a friend.

In April, 1840, he married Miss Margaret Wolfe Panton, and soon afterward took up his permanent and lifelong residence at No. 20 Clinton Place, a home where the affections of wife, and children, and kindred, and the companionship of friends, all found their springs of happiness in his unvarying serenity of temper, his pure and elevated thought, and his devotion to duty. Here he gathered the treasures he most prized, the books which represented every department of general literature, but specially that in which he was versed. In seeking the best editions and in giving completeness to his collection he was aided, as also in many literary labors, by his brother, George L. Duyckinck, who, being much his junior in years, relied greatly on his counsel and was guided by his example.

In the early part of 1847 Mr. Duyckinck undertook the editorship of the *Literary World*, a weekly journal, designed as a vehicle for the best criticism on books and art, and the independent and impartial treatment of all topics relating to the cultivation of letters. The paper was hardly established before he resigned the editorial control to Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman ; but, about a year later, resumed it in connection with his brother George, then just returned from an extended tour in Europe, and by their united efforts it was carried forward with a single eye to the truest interests of a true literature. In the opening article of October 7, 1848, the number of the journal which marked the resumption of its control by Mr. Duyckinck, he concludes a striking summary of the aims of its conductors with these words, which well express his idea of the functions of the editor : "There is a class of topics to which no journalism should be insensible at the present day. The advancement of a sound popular education ; the extension of the comforts and refinements of the few to the many ; the amelioration of poverty and suffering embraced in those questions of social improvement which afford chivalric employment to the best men of the times—are all matters which arise naturally in connection with literature, science, and art. Virtue in action is the living body, of which invention and poetry are the eyes and heart."

In the conduct of the *Literary World* an elevated and inspiring tone was conspicuous, and Mr. Duyckinck drew around him many able coadjutors. It was at this time I saw him most frequently, always at his own house—for even then he mixed very little in society—where I was attracted

by the constant presence of men of mark in letters and art, and by the friendship subsisting between the two brothers and myself. The evenings in his library will long be remembered by many men whose ways in life have widely diverged in the years which followed the period to which I now advert, but who then were fond of gathering around his fireside, and there discussing the various topics of the day, or listening to the modest but always forcible expression of his critical opinions, or the quiet humor of his narrative of some incident or reminiscence which gave point to the subject of the moment. He was wholly free from the spirit of detraction, and, as a critic, was most discriminating, always just to authors of established repute, and always generous and kindly to young aspirants for literary distinction. The office of the critic was not allied, in his view, with the partisanship of special ideas or authors, nor was its chief function the suppression of rivals or the extinction of the weak and feeble. The savagery of the trenchant style of criticism was as alien to his idea of the true sphere of the literary censor as it was to the humanity of his nature, and he never turned his pen into a bludgeon or made it the instrument of any selfish or unworthy purpose. His own work, as a writer, was always conscientious and complete. To extreme delicacy of taste he added a rare grace and nicety of expression, and a certain tact in the handling and exhibition of his subject which gave a peculiar charm to what he wrote. His standard, both as to the style and the purpose of literary composition, was of the highest character. The fine phrase in which Horace describes the accomplishments of his friend,

" . . . . ad unguem
Factus homo,"

he applied as the highest praise of a well-written book. It must be finished to the finger-nail, to meet the requirements of a just criticism, and to this severe test he sought to subject his own work as well as that of the authors on whom he sat in judgment.

I have dwelt on this period of his career, because it marked the time, not only of my closest acquaintance with him, but also of the enforced cessation of our constant intercourse. To a young man, called by necessity and choice to the severer studies and active duties of the bar, Ambrosian nights, and the society of even the choicest spirits in literature and art, were temptations to be shunned, and my way of life soon ran in a very different path from his. But to know Duyckinck once was to be intimate with him always, and the infrequent meetings of later years were invariably on the unchanged footing of our first friendship. To turn aside at long intervals from the daily routine of life and its common round of duties to revisit him in the quiet of his studies, was as when one leaves the dusty and sun-struck highway to seek in some neighboring and familiar shade and covert the spring he knows is hidden under the thicket close at hand, to thrust aside the intercepting branches, and to find in the clear perennial waters the same refreshment and strength as when he drank them first.

The *Literary World* was continued to the close of 1853. The experiment of a purely literary journal, dependent on its own merits, and not on the patronage of a publishing house, and appealing rather to the sympathies than the needs of that very small portion of the public which took satisfaction in a weekly presentation of the progress of ideas, without ref-

John W. Francis.

erence to their own party politics, their own religious denomination, their craving for continuous fiction, or their preference for wood cuts and caricatures, had been fairly tried, and the result was not encouraging. The Duyckincks were men of too much sense and too much substance to pursue a literary enterprise for the mere sake of a small corps of contributors, however brilliant, or a select circle of readers, however appreciative. They wisely withdrew from the field of newspaper competition, recognizing that inexorable law of supply and demand which less responsible projectors of like undertakings so often ignore until the very implements and paraphernalia by which they sought to enlighten the world and achieve immortality are sold under a chattel mortgage or a sheriff's execution.

But, although the *Literary World* was not a permanent success, the work done upon it was not lost. There is this difference between the failures of ventures in journalism and ordinary business reverses, that, while the types and presses and mechanical appliances by which they are carried on, may figure in a bankruptcy schedule as very unavailable assets, the written words to which they have given permanent form and expression on the printed page remain, and become a part of the great body of literature, to survive and to find their permanent place and value, if they are intrinsically worthy of preservation. Many a famous or well-deserving poem, essay, or article, has first seen the light as a contribution to some short-lived magazine or journal, which may have served as a kind of fire-escape for the genius imperilled by its destruction.

After the *Literary World* had ceased to exist, Duyckinck turned, doubtless with a sense of relief, to the more congenial labors to which the rest of his life was devoted, and in which he found his best sphere as a scholar and expert in English and American literature—the editing of books of permanent value, and the preparation of works of history and biography. He had already formed relations with the publishers as a book editor, the Library of Choice Reading from the press of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam having been one of his earliest projects, and the means of introducing some fresh books, out of the beaten track, to the reading public of thirty years ago.

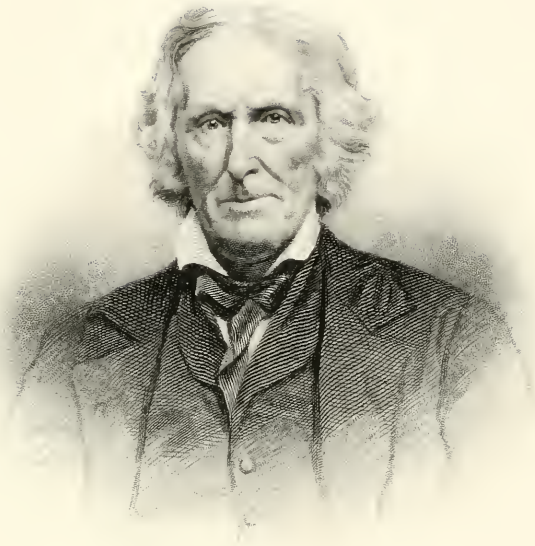
In 1854 he undertook, with his brother, and under arrangements with Mr. Charles Scribner as its publisher, the preparation of the Cyclopædia of American Literature, a work of large proportions, demanding most extensive researches and a thorough acquaintance with the works of American authors. The design of the Cyclopædia was to bring together, as far as possible, memorials and records of the writers of the country and their works from the earliest period to the present day. "The voice of two centuries of American literature," says the preface, "may well be worth listening to." In aid of the work, numerous private collections of books and manuscripts were freely opened, and the custodians of leading public libraries took pleasure in furthering it. Eminent literary men made contributions of facts and memorabilia, conspicuous among whom was Washington Irving, who attested his early friendship for their father in his kind offices for the brothers Duyckinck. Their warm and constant friend, Dr. John W. Francis, was also most serviceable in his judicious and valuable aid.

Two years of faithful and diligent work were expended upon the Cyclopædia, many difficulties were surmounted, and, when it was finally completed and published, it took its place at once as the standard exposition

of the history, growth, and development of literature in America, and as a monument of the good taste, judgment, and discrimination of its editors. A supplement was added by Mr. Duyckinck in 1865, after the death of his brother, bringing the work down to that date.

I can only mention briefly the leading literary labors which followed the completion of the Cyclopædia. In 1856 Duyckinck edited the "Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes." In 1862 he undertook the task of preparing the letter-press for the "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," published by Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., a series of biographical sketches and portraits, forming two quarto volumes. This work had a very extended circulation, the number of copies sold having long since exceeded one hundred thousand. A contemporary "History of the War for the Union," in three quarto volumes, and another extensive work, "Biographies of Eminent Men and Women of Europe and America," were written by him for the same publishers. He also edited for them a History of the World in four quarto volumes, compiled chiefly from the Encyclopædia Britannica, and in great part the work of his son George. These works were all executed with the fidelity and care which marked the performance of every task he undertook. Less elaborate works were the editing, with a memoir and notes, of the "Poems of Philip Freneau," the American edition of the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century;" a memorial of John Allan, the well-known New York book collector (printed by the Bradford Club), Commemorative Sketches of the Rev. Doctor Hawks, Henry T. Tuckerman, and James W. Beekman, read before the New York Historical Society, and printed by it, and similar memorials of John David Wolfe and Samuel G. Drake, the last named for the American Ethnological Society. Immediately after the death of Washington Irving, he gathered together, and published in a single volume, an interesting collection of anecdotes and traits of the great author, under the title "Irvingiana." In a note to a friend, giving some particulars in reference to this collection, which was made and completed in the short space of a month, he mentions a fact which accords with and illustrates his uniform delicacy of feeling and sense of propriety. "I wrote," he says, "a little preface in which, among other things, I stated that I had not entered on the work without the approval of Mr. Pierre Irving, who, as Mr. Irving's literary executor, I felt should be consulted as to the preparation of so extended a notice. For some publisher's notion this preface was omitted."

These various labors fully occupied all of his time aside from that given to his family, his church, and the institutions with whose interests he was identified. these were the New York Historical Society, which he served as a member of its executive committee, and as domestic corresponding secretary, the American Ethnological Society, the American Geographical Society, the New York Society Library, of which he was for many years, and up to his death, a trustee, aiding it greatly by his full knowledge as to books, and Columbia College, of which he was long an honored trustee. He was also a corresponding member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. In these alliances with institutions designed for the promotion of history and kindred objects he found a companionship which he preferred to general society, and which aided him in his own work. But his chosen



John Allan

and favorite place and post was his study, over whose door he might have written Coleridge's invocation,

> "Tranquillity, thou better name
> Than all the family of Fame."

Here, in absolute freedom from the distractions of the world, he pursued his studies and plied his pen in the scholarly tasks which engaged his thoughts. He was fully equipped for the best critical and biographical work. He knew the whole field of English literature, "as seamen know the sea." The authors of the Elizabethan age were as familiar to him as any of their successors of the Victorian era. Those "old fields," out of which comes so much of the "new corn" of modern thought and expression, were to him like the woodland and meadow around an ancestral homestead. In the general range of literature and on most of its special subjects his knowledge was complete as to authors and the proper critical estimate of their works and the various editions through which they had passed, and thus, as scholar, critic, and bibliographer, he was a standard authority. I know of no one to whom any vexed questions on points of literary inquiry could have been as safely referred for decision without further appeal as in a tribunal of last resort. Nor do I know any scholar of our country better fitted, by natural disposition and temperament, by study and research, by constant practice as a writer, by experience as journalist and editor, and by thorough magnanimity and impartiality of judgment, to discharge the duty and fulfil the trust of a literary critic.

His collection of books and his use of them was characteristic of the man, and indicated at once his catholic and conservative taste, embracing rare and particular editions of books, of which he knew the history and contents; special volumes to be prized for their peculiar place in literary annals; illustrated works, selected not so much for their artistic merit as with reference to the aid which the pencil brought to the text of the author; and special collections of engravings, among which he greatly prized his Stothards and his Cruikshanks. He was careful as to the condition and binding of his books, less as a matter of taste than with reference to the desert of the books themselves, and nothing in his library was for show. In fact, only his intimate friends knew the number of his books or their value. They were kept in various rooms of his house, and many of them out of sight; but they were always at hand when needed for reference, or in aid of any theme of discussion, or of the offices of friendship, and as occasion required he would, like the householder of the Scriptures, "bring forth out of his treasures things new and old." It is characteristic of the modesty of the man that his library, the object of his constant solicitude and of his just pride, should receive special and fitting recognition only after his death. He knew the great importance of preserving intact a collection which had grown up as the result of the judicious and careful selection of books in this country and in Europe, by himself and his brother, during a period of nearly forty years, and he wisely determined to provide for their permanent deposit in the alcoves of the fine public library with which Mr. Lenox has enriched the city. There the spirit of the gentle and refined scholar will seem to abide among the books he loved, which will perpetuate his name and be the lasting memorial of his taste and learning.

The home of which I have spoken, as the centre of so many domestic

affections, was visited by repeated and grievous sorrows. All the younger members of the household were, one by one, removed by death: the sisters by marriage, to whom he was as an older brother; the brother, to whom he was as a second father, and whose fine reverential spirit and intellectual taste found expression in the memoirs of the English Church worthies, Ken and Latimer and Herbert; and the three sons, whose promise and performance were full of satisfaction. The youngest, already alluded to, for his share in the preparation of the History of the World, died in the twenty-seventh year of his age. The oldest, Evert, lived only sixteen years; he had developed a fine taste and manly spirit, and was the constant companion of his father, to whom he was specially endeared. The second son, Henry, a graduate of Columbia College and a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was cut off in his early prime at the post of duty, a victim to his intrepid devotion to the work of beneficence and Christian philanthropy to which he had consecrated himself.

These heavy burdens of domestic grief were borne with a spirit of Christian fortitude. Mr. Duyckinck's religious views were simple and firm, resting on a thorough acquiescence in the verities of the Christian faith, as expressed by the church he revered, and of which he was a devout member. "The great background of his character," writes the Rev. Dr. Morgan, the Rector of St. Thomas's Church, in which he was many years a vestryman, "was his purity, or exquisite delicacy of organization; it led to extreme modesty and a want of even moderate self-assertion, but for the most part it was his glory. His pure mind and taste marked him in everything. The thing which fell specially under my notice was his painstaking diligence and fidelity in common, humdrum duties. He was clerk of the vestry of St. Thomas's, and I have still in my possession some of the blank-books which he filled with minutes and memoranda. It must have cost him a great deal of labor and consumed much precious time, but it was conscientiously done, even to the copying of long specifications. But, after all, the mind reverts to his quiet, studious habits and his long communion with the best men and minds of all time."

In a like vein the Rev. Dr. Rylance, Rector of St. Mark's Church, where he worshipped up to the time of his last illness, speaks of him as a "rare illustration of what Wordsworth calls 'natural piety,' beautified and hallowed by the wisdom which is from above." "My visits to him as a pastor," he writes, "were always rewarded by some increase of light or inspiration to my own mind or heart. But only as the last mortal hour approached did the singular excellence of Mr. Duyckinck's Christian character reveal itself. Through the long and painful decay of the outer man, the inner man was renewed day by day. No complaint or murmur did I ever hear from his lips, but the same chastened resignation ever showed itself as I approached the sufferer to minister what little comfort I could in his time of need. He would speak naturally, and with an earnestness of manner not usual with him, of the future life and of the good hope guaranteed by the gospel."

As an illustration of the catholicity of his religious views, I cite a single paragraph from his memorial sketch of the life of his old friend and companion in travel, James W. Beekman. Speaking of the religious side of Mr. Beekman's character, he says, "Parallel with the worth of the Bible to man, he regarded, and ever in his own practice religiously maintained, the observance of the Christian Sabbath, not in any Puritanical exaggeration

William F. Morgan

as a day of austerity and gloom, but as a period of repose from labor and its severities, a time for cheerful family and friendly intercourse, of prayer and praise, of the opening of the mind to the higher life of the soul. There was no spirit of exclusiveness in this, no obtrusion of personal views upon others, but a generous liberality of sentiment, which respected the rights of those who, mindful of one great end, might differ from him as to the particular ecclesiastical road in reaching it."

In the last literary work undertaken by Mr. Duyckinck, and which was completed only a short time before illness prevented him from further labor, he was associated with Mr. Bryant. The same publishers, for whom he had been engaged on the most important works already noticed, projected a popular edition of the Plays of Shakespeare, and the work of preparing and annotating the text was undertaken, at their request, by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Duyckinck. The editions of Shakespeare are almost innumerable, and so are the names of Shakesperian editors and commentators; but seldom has the task of arranging and setting in order that vast array of dramatic scenes and persons, whose infinite variety "age cannot wither nor custom stale," been confided to scholars more competent for its worthy execution. For the general supervision of the work and the special duty of scrutinizing the text when prepared, and of its final revision, Mr. Bryant was, of all American authors, best fitted, by his trained skill in the poetic art, his wonderful memory, embracing so much of literature and of literary annals, illustrative of the Shakesperian text, his severe taste, his long labor in the rendering of the Homeric poems into English verse, his large experience of life, his elevated and serene temperament, which made him so much a lover of nature and the human race, and so little dependent on companionship with individual men. These were rare qualifications for the semi-judicial function of determining the best and truest rendering of the very many obscure and doubtful passages in Shakespeare over which scholars and critics have so long contended. To Duyckinck was confided the severer and laborious task of the first preparation of the text, the collation from various readings and editions of the best version, and the annotation and arrangement of the whole work. Although the duty of the editors was fully discharged some time before the death of either of them, the preparation of the illustrations is not yet completed, so that whatever credit may justly be accorded to Bryant or to Duyckinck, for the work which will associate their names with that of the greatest of their masters in English literature, will be a posthumous honor. But the nature and extent of their respective shares in the editorial work are clearly defined in the manuscript preface by Mr. Bryant, a portion of which has recently been made public in the columns of the *Evening Post*, and in which he says:

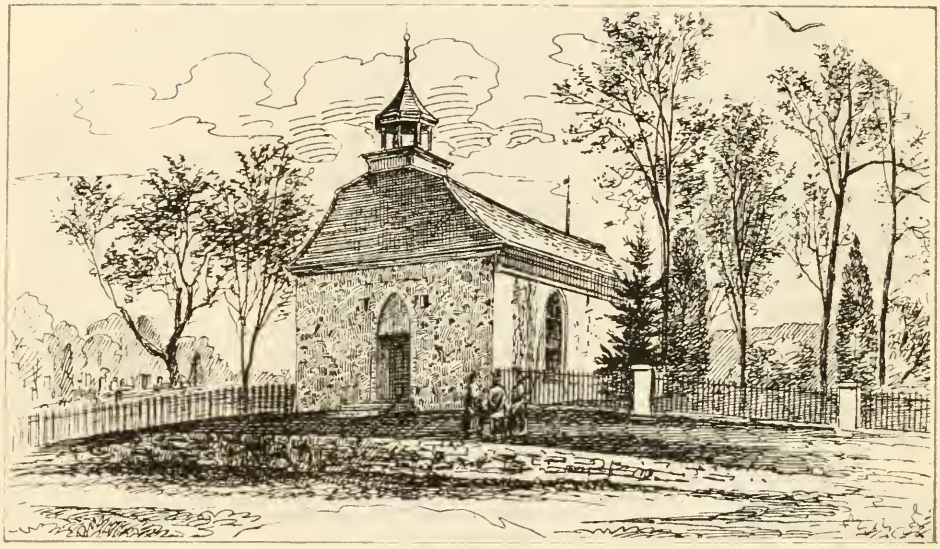
"It now remains that something be said of the present edition and the accompanying notes. Among the variations in the text in the old copies, called readings, are many, the genuineness of which is matter of dispute among commentators. Of these, different minds will be apt to make a different choice, and in consequence any edition will, in respect to some of these readings, differ from every other. In selecting the most authentic of this class, I should not have been willing to rely on my own judgment and opportunities, and have therefore sought the co-operation of Mr. Duyckinck, whose studies, habits of research, and discrimination fitted him in a peculiar manner for the task. With the assurance of his assist-

ance, I undertook the work, and it is due to him to say that, although every syllable of this edition has passed under my eye, and been considered and approved by me, the preliminary labor in the revision and annotation has been performed by him."

It is pleasant to think that his last labor was one so congenial to his tastes. Hindered by no calls to alien or disturbing duties, or rough competitions in the outer world, it was pursued in the seclusion which he loved, among the ample sources of aid and illustration in the books by which he was surrounded. From the first scene to the last, he went page by page, line by line, through all the dramas which the world accepts under the name of Shakespeare, with the patient and conscientious care imposed by the nature of the work and his sense of duty, and, as we may well imagine, with something of the reverent devotion to the minutest details which a mediæval monk might have given to the task of illuminating the record of the legend of a patron saint or the text of the sacred canon. The labor thus delighted in was often an antidote to sorrow and pain and a source of strength and comfort. He showed me, on one occasion, with evident satisfaction, the portion of the work he had in hand; and to an intimate friend, in an interview near the close of his life, when he was suffering great pain, his patient endurance found relief in words supplied by the great dramatist—

> "Come what come may,
> Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

The review thus taken of this life of literary labor presents a succession of unobtrusive, and yet most faithful and persevering efforts. Under the spur of necessity, or by the help of early association with some leading and liberal publisher, who could have discerned the practical uses of his peculiar gifts, he might, perhaps, have done greater things, and made his name more famous. But it was better that he should have pursued his own chosen path, and left us this rare instance of an unspoiled scholarly life, passed in the midst of a great commercial metropolis, which, with all its varied attractions and temptations, could not divert him from the pursuits to which he was devoted as by an irrevocable vow. We are under a great obligation to the scholar who thus attests his fealty to the cause of letters. In a great city, with its countless and ceaseless activities, where the participants in the daily round of duties, from the drudgery of the most menial service to the high-wrought schemes by which the highest material interests are served, are under the whip and spur of a necessity or a competition which suffers no choice and no cessation, the scholar and the student are indispensable. The preservation of a literature is no less needful than its growth, and while the great mass of educated men must follow special callings and professions, which debar them from the general studies and researches to which their tastes invite, it is a satisfaction to know that there are men qualified for the task, who keep watch over the sources and springs of literature, who defend it from what is unworthy, who are the custodians of its treasures and the guardians of its permanent interests. Their service is not conspicuous, and may be lightly esteemed, for it is not performed on a wide stage, nor in the glare of competition. They stay by the supplies, and it should be ours to see to it that, in the distribution of rewards, "as his part that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that remaineth by the stuff."



It may seem, in the retrospect of the life I have sketched, that it presents a character without a fault. If so, I might plead the grateful prerogative and privilege of the delineator of a purely private life, with no relation to public events imposing upon the biographer the duties and restraints which attach to the historian. In the portrait of the friend we love, we want to see him at his best; and if it is painted by the hand of affection, it may well present, in a single aspect, the idea of all that was most admirable in the original. The famous speech of Cromwell to Sir Peter Lely, "Paint me as I am," may have been only the shrewd self-assertion of a nature which imposed its rude restraint upon whatever was adventitious and not within the compass of its own control. And yet, if I were charged, as on the oath of a witness, to testify as to the failings of the subject of my sketch, I should have to seek for them outside of any knowledge or information of my own.

His was a life singularly free from blemish or blame, and equally exempt from enmity or detraction. It may be said that he was less exposed to temptation by reason of his seclusion from the world, but while the praises of the solitary life have often been set forth, it cannot be claimed in its behalf that the infirmities of the individual man part company with him when he quits the society of his fellows. He who mixes least with the world is apt to have the worst opinion of his kind, and to become querulous, if not cynical, just as the citizen who is earliest and most frequent in his despair of the Republic is usually the last and least serviceable in any effort for its rescue. The votaries of a pure literature are no exception to the rule. If Cowper fled from the world as the scene "where Satan wages still his most successful war," it was only to find in his seclusion new inward sources of conflict and distress, from which a closer contact with the world would perhaps have been the best safeguard. But our friend, in his self-chosen home life, was always in sympathy with the world without, thoroughly patriotic and loyal as a citizen, and most genial and hearty in his appreciation of whatever was deserving of general regard and esteem.

Although a recluse, he loved the city, its nearness to his quiet nook of study, the concourse of its streets, its public libraries and exhibitions of art, its repositories of books and engravings, its strong and busy life. He was never willingly away from it. A day's ramble in the country now and then sufficed for out-of-town enjoyments. I could never persuade him to pass a night under my suburban roof. Like Madame De Staël, who preferred a fourth story in the Rue de Bac to all the glories of Switzerland, he kept to the city, and shunned a change even in mid-summer heats. But, unlike her, his choice was for its solitude and not for its society, and such was the purity of his character that it did not corrode or become debased by being hidden from the light.

He is buried in the graveyard at Tarrytown, beside the old church of Sleepy Hollow. The spot was selected by himself and his brother long ago, as a place of family burial, on account of its loveliness of situation, its quaint surroundings, and the associations which have been woven about it by the master hand of Irving, whose grave is near his own. Hard by this rural solitude, along the iron pathway which skirts it, the heavily freighted trains move day and night, and eager crowds hurry to and fro on their ceaseless errands, while beyond, on the broad river, the gathered

fruits of the cornfields and prairies of the West go to seek a market in the great Metropolis, or beyond the sea. In this contrast of the grave, with its unchanging repose, beside the restless, rapid movements of the living, we may find an image, not inapt, of the life we have surveyed, so near the stir and rush of the outward world, and yet, in its calmness and serenity, so far removed, and, as we turn from the peaceful life, and the quiet grave, both alike are bright with the best memories of earth and the smile of heaven.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck.

A Memorial Sketch.

By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Wm Allen Butler

MEMORIAL SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND LITERARY LABORS

OF

Evert Augustus Duyckinck,

READ BEFORE THE

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

ON

THE SEVENTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1879,

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

NEW YORK:
EVENING POST STEAM PRESSES, 208 BROADWAY, CORNER FULTON STREET.

1879.

At a Stated Meeting of the New York Historical Society, held in its hall, on Tuesday evening, Jannary 7, 1879.

The Executive Committee reported that Mr. William Allen Butler, on the invitation of the Committee, had prepared, and would now read a paper on the life and literary labors of the late Evert A. Duyckinck.

On its conclusion, Mr. John Austin Stevens submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be and hereby are presented to Mr. Butler, for the graceful, eloquent and appropriate tribute to our late lamented friend Mr. Duyckinck, read this evening, and that a copy be requested for the archives of the Society.

Extract from the minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,
Recording Secretary.

Note.—Mr. Duyckinck entered into rest, August 13th, 1878. Mr. Butler was obliged to condense his excellent paper in order that it might be printed in the *Evening Post*, Vol. 78, January 9th, 1879.

A Memorial Paper Read Before the New York Historical Society, Tuesday, January 7, 1879, by William Allen Butler.

In attempting a sketch of the life and literary labors of Evert A. Duyckinck I dismiss, at the outset, any misgivings as to the degree of general interest attaching to a career whose daily course came so little under public observation and whose chosen aims were so far removed from the ordinary pursuits of men. At first thought the life of a scholar passed chiefly among his books and marked by an avoidance of society, presents few points of attraction and may seem to furnish little material for even a brief biographical notice. But the friend whose memory we honor was not a mere recluse, living a selfish life of intellectual ease. He was a faithful and life-long worker. If his field of labor was retired it was no less the scene of constant and patient toil; if he preferred the quiet of his books and the companionship of their authors to the stir of active life and the social intercourse of the world, it was not to hide or bury the talents committed to his keeping. In his self chosen seclusion he was always contributing his measure of honest work to that true commonwealth of letters in which there is no conflict between the capital of intellectual gifts or acquirements and the labor of brain and hand, but where all are co-workers, each in his own sphere, for the advancement of the best thought and intelligence of the race.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck, the son of Evert Duyckinck and Harriet June, was born in the city of New York November 23, 1816. His family name was conspicuous in the list of the early Dutch settlers in this part of the country.

Evert Duyckinck, the second of the name, who married Elsie Meyer, February 3, 1704, settled during the later colonial times at Raritan Landing, New Jersey. Of the nine children of Evert and Elsie Duyckinck, the third, Christopher, was actively engaged during the Revolutionary War

in aid of the struggle for independence. His son Evert, the eldest of seven children and the father of the subject of the present memorial sketch, became a resident of the city of New York about the beginning of the present century, and engaged in the business of a publisher and bookseller. His house, No. 9 Old Slip, and his store in Water street, adjoining it in the rear, were well known to the residents of old New York, by whom he was held in high esteem during his thirty or forty years of active business life. He gave to Messrs. J. & J. Harper the first order they ever received for book-printing. It was for two thousand copies of Seneca's Morals, a large edition for the time, and considering the subject perhaps larger than could be disposed of in these degenerate days by any of our modern publishers with all their increased appliances of trade.

A pleasant allusion to the veteran publisher was made in a letter of Diedrich Knickerbocker published in the *American Citizen*, New York, January 23, 1810, not included in any collection of Washington Irving's works, but reprinted in Mr. Stevens's *Magazine of American History* for May, 1878. In this letter the veracious historian of New York expresses his regret that his work had not been published by his much esteemed friend Mr. Evert Duyckinck, "a lineal descendant from one of the ancient heroes of the Manhattoes whose grandfather and my grandfather were just like brothers." It appears from a passing allusion in a note-book of his son Evert that a love of domestic retirement and quiet was characteristic of the family. Speaking of the luxury of a wood fire in Paris, he says: "A wood fire will always be associated by me with home and my best early days by my father's and mother's fireside. My father had a Dutch tenacity to domestic habits that no friction of travel will rub out from me either. In his store in Water street he kept heaped-up fires—a back log in the morning like a hogshead. In the ashes, after dinner, a a few Carolina potatoes were commonly buried, where they lay heaped up like the tombs of Ajax and Patroclus. In the evening, over the embers, my uncle Long always came to talk over the business of the day, while I kept close to the corner, rarely venturing to go among the dark shades at the further end of the room."

The two sons and only children of Evert Duyckinck, the publisher, were Evert Augustus and George Long, the latter named after the uncle just mentioned. The two boys grew up in

that daily contact with books and literary associations which, to a mind naturally intelligent, is often the most potent influence in determining the pursuits of after years. Evert was graduated from Columbia College in the class of 1835, at the age of nineteen, and afterward spent two years in the law office of the eminent jurist and practitioner John Anthon.

He was admitted to the bar in 1837, but the profession of the law presented no attractions to his retiring and contemplative nature. His strong bias for literary studies and pursuits, conspicuous during his college course, had been shown in his contributions to leading literary journals published in New York. For Park Benjamin's *American Monthly* he wrote some charming papers under the title "Felix Merry's Fireside Essays." He soon afterward became a regular contributor to the New York *Review and Quarterly Church Journal*, for which he wrote reviews of the poetical works of Crabbe, Mrs. Hemans, George Herbert and Goldsmith, beside many other critical pieces. His love of old English literature, the department of study in which he always delighted, was exhibited in an article in one of the earlier numbers of the same review, in which his name is associated as a contributor with those of Chancellor Kent and Bishop McIlvaine.

In the autumn of 1838 he left home for a year of travel in Europe, which he made not merely an opportunity for gratifying the curiosity of an American, but largely a means of verifying by his own observation what he had learned in his studies of the life, manners and associations of the old world.

"I desire," he says in the opening pages of the diary from which a quotation has already been given, "to traverse Europe and look upon it with the eye of the Past, as Howell, or Evelyn or Wotton travelled in the seventeenth century." He was most fortunate in forming the acquaintance in Paris of Mr Harmanus Bleeker of Albany, an eminent lawyer and scholar, a descendant, like himself, of a good Holland stock, who was about to visit the land of his ancestors under the most favorable auspices. He invited Mr. Duyckinck and his friend and fellow-traveller James W. Beekman to accompany him; an invitation gladly accepted. Mr. Bleeker was versed in the Dutch language and literature, and was well known in Holland, where soon afterward, during the Presidency of Mr. Van Buren, he represented the United States as Minister at the Hague. "As honest as Harmanus Bleeker" was a phrase of John Randolph which conveyed a sincere tribute to one of whom Duyckinck says: "He follows truth fearlessly in everything." He proved a most congenial and instructive companion in travel, delighting his juniors with his good sense and the results of his long experience at the Bar and in public life and with his fund of

anecdotes, of which Duyckinck testifies "they are always good and always new and rare, and many an hour of travel have they beguiled on the long, straight roads of the Low Countries."

The tourists entered Holland at Grootzundert, a port on the frontier of Belgium. The appearance in their passports of such honest Dutch names as "Bleeker," "Duyckinck" and "Beekman," aided, no doubt, by the ingenuous countenances of their proprietors, elicited a courteous waiver of Custom House scrutiny, and the freedom of the Netherlands seems to have been conferred upon them without any troublesome formalities. A private audience of the King and a ball at the palace of the Prince of Orange were part of a round of entertainments and hospitalities from which Duyckinck was disposed, under the impulse of his retiring and independent disposition, to draw back. "I began," he says, "to question my position when I found Mr. Bleeker received by the great lords of the state, and myself included in the invitations. I dislike to receive any attention to which I have not some right in myself. It sacrifices independence. But I was fairly invited by Mr. Bleeker to accompany him as a fellow-traveller. He draws these attentions upon us. For myself, I am a looker-on in Vienna."

Few lookers-on ever brought to the quiet task of observation more good sense or a keener appreciation of whatever was worthy of note. His rare opportunities for seeing life in Holland at its best were well improved. His journal, in the neat, firm handwriting expressive of his exact method and nicety of taste, is a series of sketches drawn from nature and society with a vivid charm of expression in their descriptions of scenes and incidents of travel, which reminds one of the easy grace of Irving, and in their pictures of social life and personal traits of the quick vivacity of Horace Walpole. In company with Mr. Bleeker, Duyckinck made a thorough exploration of all the places of interest to a literary man and a Hollander by descent. In a book of heraldry at the house of Baron Westreenan, a noted antiquarian, they found their respective coats-of-arms, and at the hospitable tables of the burghers of Amsterdam and the Hague a paternal welcome. There, as the journal attests, "eternal amity was sworn between Holland and America: and if," says Duyckinck, "the ocean that separates us were of wine (like that in the Veræ Historiæ of Lucian) these Dutchmen would drink it up for the sake of a closer union."

It is curious and pleasant to observe from these notes of travel in Holland, more than forty years ago, the high repute in which the best people there held the American authors whose works were familiar to them through their translation into Dutch. With an ignorance as to the condition of society and manners in America so profound that the question was put to Duyckinck by an intelligent Hollander, at a diplomatic dinner, whether travellers in his country "subsisted by the chase," they were yet highly appreciative of Irving's "Columbus," Marshall's "Life of Washington" and Cooper's novels. Perhaps these last had

furnished the ground for the apprehensions of the worthy diner-out that in case he visited New Amsterdam he would have to depend for his subsistence upon the success of the leather-stockings of Manhattan Island in bagging their daily game. However this may be, the same kindly greeting given to these well-accredited tourists was accorded to the works of their countrymen—a fact which loses none of its interest in the thought that this was long before the history and the heroes of the Netherlands had received their best commemoration from the pen of an American scholar.

But pleasant as were these hospitalities, it is evident that the ideal life which our traveller had set before him was quite different from one made up of social gaieties. His longing for quiet study and for labor in his chosen field was not dissipated. A characteristic entry in his journal betrays, perhaps quite unconsciously to himself, his ruling, hereditary passion for a sequestered life. Returning from a stroll in the deer park, a favorite resort for his solitary rambles while a resident at the Hague, he writes: "If I were a believer in the ancient transmigration, I would sigh for the quiet, ruminating, contented ideas of a well-antlered deer, browsing leisurely along, and watching the little business of his world around."

After leaving Holland in April, 1839, he spent the summer and autumn in England and Scotland, returned to New York late in the year and renewed at once his cherished associations with his books and literary labors. His first serious work after his return home was in the editorship in conjunction with Mr. Cornelius Matthews of a monthly journal, the *Arcturus*. Mr. William A. Jones was also engaged in this enterprise, and the three wrote almost all the articles. It ran through three volumes, and some of Duyckinck's best work was done in this magazine, which is not inaptly described in one of Edgar A. Poe's brief sketches of literary men as a "little too good to enjoy extensive popularity."

In April, 1840, he married Miss Margaret Wolfe Panton, and soon afterward took up his permanent and life-long residence at No. 20 Clinton Place, a home where the affections of wife and children and kindred, and the companionship of friends, all found their springs of happiness in his unvarying serenity of temper, his pure and elevated thought, and his devotion to duty.

In the early part of 1847 Mr. Duyckinck undertook the editorship of the *Literary World*, a weekly journal designed as a vehicle for the best criticism on books and art and the independent and impartial treatment of all topics relating to the cultivation of letters.

In the conduct of the *Literary World* an elevated and inspiring tone was conspicuous, and Mr. Duyckinck drew around him many able coadjutors. It was at this time I saw him most frequently, always at his own house—for even then he mixed very little in society—where I was attracted by the constant presence of men of mark in letters and art, and by the friendship subsisting between the two brothers and myself. The evenings in his library will long be remembered by many men whose ways in life have

widely diverged in the years which followed the period to which I now advert, but who then were fond of gathering around his fireside, and there discussing the various topics of the day, or listening to the modest but always forcible expression of his critical opinions, or the quiet humor of his narrative of some incident or reminiscence which gave point to the subject of the moment. He was wholly free from the spirit of detraction. The office of the critic was not allied in his view with the partisanship of special ideas or authors, nor was its chief function the suppression of rivals or the extinction of the weak and feeble. The savagery of the trenchant style of criticism was as alien to his idea of the true sphere of the literary censor as it was to the humanity of his nature, and he never turned his pen into a bludgeon or made it the instrument of any selfish or unworthy purpose. His own work as a writer was always conscientious and complete. To extreme delicacy of taste he added a rare grace and nicety of expression and a certain tact in the handling and exhibition of his subject which gave a peculiar charm to what he wrote. His standard both as to the style and the purpose of literary composition was of the highest character. The fine phrase in which Horace describes the accomplishments of his friend,

"* * * * * ad unguem
Factus homo,"

he applied as the highest praise of a well-written book. It must be finished to the finger nail to meet the requirements of a just criticism, and to this severe test he sought to subject his own work as well as that of the authors on whom he sat in judgment.

I have dwelt on this period of his career because it marked the time not only of my closest acquaintance with him but also of the enforced cessation of our constant intercourse. To a young man called by necessity and choice to the severer studies and active duties of the bar, ambrosian nights and the society of even the choicest spirits in literature and art were temptations to be shunned, and my way of life soon ran in a very different path from his. But to know Duyckinck once was to be intimate with him always; and the infrequent meetings of later years were invariably on the unchanged footing of our first friendship. To turn aside at long intervals from the daily routine of life and its common round of duties to revisit him in the quiet of his studies was as when one leaves the dusty and sun-struck highway to seek in some neighboring and familiar shade and covert the spring he knows is hidden under the thicket close at hand, to thrust aside the intercepting branches and to find in the clear perennial waters the same refreshment and strength as when he drank them first.

The *Literary World* was continued to the close of 1853. The experiment of a purely literary journal, dependent on its own merits, and appealing rather to the sympathies than the needs of that very small portion of the public which took satisfaction in a weekly presentation of the progress of ideas without reference to their own party politics, their own religious de-

Jerry Smith

nomination, their craving for continuous fiction or their preference for woodcuts and caricatures, had been fairly tried and the result was not encouraging. The Duyckincks were men of too much sense and too much substance to pursue a literary enterprise for the mere sake of a small corps of contributors, however brilliant, or a select circle of readers, however appreciative. They wisely withdrew from the field of newspaper competition, recognising that inexorable law of supply and demand which less responsible projectors of like undertakings so often ignore until the very implements and paraphernalia by which they sought to enlighten the world and achieve immortality are sold under a chattel mortgage or a sheriff's execution.

But although the *Literary World* was not a permanent success, the work done upon it was not lost.

There is this difference between the failures of ventures in journalism and ordinary business reverses, that while the types and presses and mechanical appliances by which they are carried on may figure in a bankruptcy schedule as very unavailable assets, the written words to which they have given permanent form and expression on the printed page remain and become a part of the great body of literature to survive and to find their permanent place and value if they are intrinsically worthy of preservation. Many a famous or well-deserving poem, essay or article has first seen the light as a contribution to some short-lived magazine or journal which may have served as a kind of fire-escape for the genius imperilled by its destruction.

After the *Literary World* had ceased to exist Duyckinck turned, doubtless with a sense of relief, to the more congenial labors to which the rest of his life was devoted and in which he found his best sphere as a scholar and expert in English and American literature—the editing of books of permanent value and the preparation of works of history and biography. In 1854 he undertook, with his brother and under arrangements with Mr. Charles Scribner as its publisher, the preparation of the Cyclopædia of American Literature, a work of large proportions, demanding most extensive researches and a thorough acquaintance with the works of American authors. The design of the Cyclopædia was to bring together, as far as possible, memorials and records of the writers of the country and their works from the earliest period to the present day. "The voice of two centuries of American literature," says the preface, "may well be worth listening to." Two years of faithful and diligent work were expended upon the Cyclopædia, many difficulties were surmounted, and when it was finally completed and published it took its place at once as the standard exposition of the history, growth and development of literature in America, and as a monument of the good taste, judgment and discrimination of its editors. A supplement was added by Mr. Duyckinck in 1865, after the death of his brother, bringing the work down to that date.

I can only mention briefly the leading literary labors which followed the completion of the Cyclopædia. In 1856 Duyckinck edited the "Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith, with a biographical memoir and notes." In 1862 he undertook the task of preparing the letter-press for the "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," published by Messrs. Johnson, Fry & Co., a series of biographical sketches and portraits forming two quarto volumes.

This work had a very extended circulation, the number of copies sold having long since exceeded

one hundred thousand. A contemporary "History of the War for the Union" in three quarto volumes, and another extensive work, "Biographies of Eminent Men and Women of Europe and America," were written by him for the same publishers. He also edited for them a "History of the World" in four quarto volumes, compiled chiefly from the Encyclopædia Britannica and in great part by his son George. Less elaborate works were the editing, with a memoir and notes, of the "Poems of Philip Freneau," the American edition of the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century," a memorial of John Allan, the well-known New York book collector (printed by the Bradford Club), commemoration sketches of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Henry T. Tuckerman and James W. Beekman, read before the New York Historical Society and printed by it, and similar memorials of John David Wolfe and Samuel G. Drake, the last-named for the American Ethnological Society. Immediately after the death of Washington Irving he gathered together and published in a single volume an interesting collection of anecdotes and traits of the great author under the title "Irvingiana."

He was fully equipped for the best critical and biographical work. He knew the whole field of English literature "as seamen know the sea." The authors of the Elizabethan age were as familiar to him as any of their successors of the Victorian era. Those "old fields," out of which comes so much of the "new corn" of modern thought and expression were to him like the woodland and meadows around an ancestral homestead. In the general range of literature and on most of its special subjects his knowledge was complete as to authors and the proper critical estimate of their works and the various editions through which they had passed; and thus as scholar, critic and bibliographer he was a standard authority. I know of no one to whom any vexed questions on points of literary inquiry could have been as safely referred for decision without further appeal as in a tribunal of last resort. Nor do I know any scholar of our country better fitted by natural disposition and temperament, by study and research, by constant practice as a writer, by experience as journalist and editor, and by thorough magnanimity and impartiality of judgment, to discharge the duty and fulfil the trust of a literary critic.

His collection of books and his use of them was characteristic of the man and indicated at once his Catholic and conservative taste, embracing rare and particular editions of books of which he knew the history and contents, special volumes to be prized for their peculiar place in literary annals, illustrated works, selected not so much for their artistic merit as with reference to the aid which the pencil brought to the text of the author. He was careful as to the condition and binding of his books, less as a matter of taste than with reference to the desert of the books themselves, and nothing in his library was for show. In fact no one but an intimate friend knew the number of his books or their value. They were kept in various rooms of his house, and many of them out of sight; but they were always at hand when needed for reference, or in aid of any theme of discussion or of the offices of friendship, and as occasion required he would, like the householder of the Scripture, bring forth "out of his treasure things new and old." It is characteristic of the modesty of the man that his library, the object of his constant solicitude and of his just pride, should receive special and fitting recognition only after his death. He knew the great importance of preserving intact a collection which had grown up as the result of the judicious and careful selection of books in this country and in Europe by himself and his brother

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during a period of nearly forty years, and he wisely determined to provide for their permanent deposit in the alcoves of the fine public library with which Mr. Lenox has enriched the city. There the spirit of the gentle and refined scholar will seem to abide among the the books he loved, which will perpetuate his name and be the lasting memorial of his taste and learning

The home of which I have spoken as the centre of so many domestic affections was visited by repeated and grievous sorrows. All the younger members of the household were, one by one, removed by death; the sisters by marriage to whom he was as an elder brother, the brother to whom he was as a second father and whose fine reverential spirit and intellectual taste found expression in the memoirs of the English Church worthies, Kerr and Latimer and Herbert, and the three sons whose promise and performance were full of satisfaction. The youngest, already alluded to, for his share in the preparation of the "History of the World," died in the twenty-seventh year of his age. The oldest, Evert, lived only sixteen years; he had developed a fine taste and manly spirit and was the constant companion of his father, to whom he was specially endeared. The second son, Henry, a graduate of Columbia College and a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was cut off in his early prime at the post of duty, a victim to his intrepid devotion to the work of beneficence and Christian philanthropy, to which he had consecrated himself.

These heavy burdens of domestic grief were borne with a spirit of Christian fortitude. Mr Duyckinck's religious views were simple and firm, resting on a thorough acquiescence in the verities of the Christian faith as expressed by the church he revered and of which he was a devout member. "The great background of his character," writes the Rev. Dr. Morgan, the rector of St. Thomas's Church, in which he was many years a vestryman, "was his purity or exquisite delicacy of organization. It led to extreme modesty and a want of even moderate self-assertion, but for the most part it was his glory. His pure mind and taste marked him in everything. The thing which fell specially under my notice was his painstaking diligence and fidelity in common, humdrum duties. He was Clerk of the Vestry of St. Thomas's, and I have still in my possession some of the blank books which he filled with minutes and memoranda. It must have cost him a great deal of labor, and consumed much precious time, but it was conscientiously done, even to the copying of long specifications. But after all the mind reverts to his quiet, studious habits, and his long communion with the best men and minds of all time."

In a like view the Rev. Dr. Rylance, rector of St. Mark's Church, where he worshipped up to the time of his last illness, speaks of him as a "rare illustration of what Wordsworth calls 'natural piety' beautified and hallowed by the wisdom which is from above. My visits to him as a pastor," he writes, "were always rewarded by some increase of light or inspiration to my own mind or heart. But only as the last mortal hour approached did the singular excellence of Mr. Duyckinck's Christian character reveal itself. Through the long and painful decay of the outer man the inner man was renewed day by day. No complaint or murmur did I ever hear from his lips, but the same chastened resignation ever showed itself as I approached the sufferer to minister what little comfort I could in his time of need. He would speak naturally and with an earnestness of manner not usual with him of the future life and of the good hope guarantied by the Gospel."

In the last literary work undertaken by Mr. Duyckinck, and which was completed only a short

time before illness prevented him from further labor, he was associated with Mr. Bryant. The same publisher, for whom he had been engaged on the most important works already noticed, projected a popular edition of the "Plays of Shakespeare," and the work of preparing and annotating the text was undertaken, at their request, by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Duyckinck. The editions of Shakespeare are almost innumerable, and so are the names of Shakespearian editors and commentators, but seldom has the task of arranging and setting in order that vast array of dramatic scenes and persons whose "infinite variety" "age cannot wither nor custom stale," been confided to scholars more competent for its worthy execution. For the general supervision of the work and the special duty of scrutinizing the text when prepared and of its final revision, Mr. Bryant was of all American authors best fitted by his trained skill in the poetic art, his wonderful memory, embracing so much of literature and of literary annals illustrative of the Shakespearian text, his severe taste, his long labor in the rendering of the Homeric poems into English verse, his large experience of life, his elevated and serene temperament which made him so much a lover of nature and the human race and so little dependent on companionship with individual men. These were rare qualifications for the semi-judicial function of determining the best and truest rendering of the very many obscure and doubtful passages of Shakespeare over which scholars and critics have so long contended. To Duyckinck was confided the severer and laborious task of the first preparation of the text, the collation from the various readings and editions of the best version, and the annotation and arrangement of the whole work. The nature and extent of their respective shares in the editorial work are clearly defined in the manuscript preface by Mr. Bryant, a portion of which has recently been made public in the columns of the EVENING POST, and in which he says:

"Among the variations in the text in the old copies called readings are many the genuineness of which is matter of dispute among commentators. * * * In selecting the most authentic of this class I should not have been willing to rely on my own judgment and opportunity, and have, therefore, sought the co-operation of Mr. Duyckinck, whose studious habits of research and discrimination fitted him in a peculiar manner for the task. With the assurance of his assistance I undertook the work, and it is due to him to say that although every syllable of this edition has passed under my eye and been considered and approved by me, the preliminary labor in the revision and annotation has been performed by him."

It is pleasant to think that his last labor was one so congenial to his tastes. Hindered by no calls to alien or disturbing duties or rough competitions in the outer world, it was pursued in the seclusion which he loved among the ample sources of aid and illustration in the books by which he was surrounded. From the first scene to the last he went page by page, line by line through all the dramas which the world accepts under the name of Shakespeare, with the patient and conscientious care imposed by the nature of the work and his sense of duty, and, as we may well imagine, with something of the reverent devotion to the minutest details which a mediæval monk might have given to the task of illuminating the record of the legend of a patron saint. The labor thus delighted in was often an antidote to sorrow and pain and a source of strength and comfort. He showed me on one occasion with evident satisfaction the portion of the work he had in hand, and to an intimate friend in an interview near the close of his life, when he was suffering great pain, his patient endurance

found relief in words supplied by the great dramatist,

"Come what come may
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

The review thus taken of this life of literary labor presents a succession of unobtrusive and yet most faithful and persevering efforts. Under the spur of necessity or by the help of early association with some leading and liberal publisher who could have discerned the practical uses of his peculiar gifts he might perhaps have done greater things and made his name more famous. But it was better that he should have pursued his own chosen path and left us this rare instance of an unspoiled scholarly life, passed in the midst of a great commercial metropolis, which, with all its varied attractions and temptations, could not divert him from the pursuits to which he was devoted as by an irrevocable vow. We are under a great obligation to the scholar who thus attests his fealty to the cause of letters. In a great city, with its countless and ceaseless activities, where the participants in the daily round of duties, from the drudgery of the most menial service to the high-wrought schemes by which the highest material interests are served, are under the whip and spur of a necessity or a competition which suffers no choice and no cessation, the scholar and the student are indispensable. The preservation of a literature is no less needful than its growth, and while the great mass of educated men must follow special callings and professions which debar them from the general studies and researches to which their tastes invite, it is a satisfaction to know that there are men qualified for the task who keep watch over the sources and springs of literature, who defend it from what is unworthy, who are the custodians of its treasures and the guardians of its permanent interests. Their service is not conspicuous and may be lightly esteemed, for it is not performed on a wide stage nor in the glare of competition. They stay by the supplies, and it should be ours to see to it that in the distribution of rewards, "as his part that goeth down to the battle so shall his part be that remaineth by the stuff."

It may seem in the retrospect of the life I have sketched that it presents a character without a fault. If so I might plead the grateful prerogative and privilege of the delineator of a purely private life with no relation to public events imposing upon the biographer the duties and restraints which attach to the historian. In the portrait of the friend we love we want to see him at his best, and if it is painted by the hand of affection it may well present in a single aspect the idea of all that was most admirable in the original. The famous speech of Cromwell to Sir Peter Lely, "paint me as I am," may have been only the shrewd self-assertion of a nature which imposed its rude restraint upon whatever was adventitious and not within the compass of its own control. And yet if I were charged, as on the oath of a witness, to testify as to the failings of this subject of my sketch, I should have to seek for them outside of any knowledge or information of my own.

His was a life singularly free from blemish or blame and equally exempt from enmity or detraction. It may be said that he was less exposed to temptation by reason of his seclusion from the world, but while the praises of the solitary life have been often set forth it cannot be claimed in its behalf that the infirmities of the individual man part company with him when he quits the society of his fellows. He who mixes least with the world is apt to have the worst opinion of his kind and to become querulous if not cynical, just as the citizen who is earliest and most frequent in his despair of the republic is usually the last and least serviceable in any effort for its rescue. The vo-

taries of a pure literature are no exception to the rule. If Cowper fled from the world as the scene "where Satan wages still his most successful war" it was only to find in his seclusion new inward sources of conflict and distress from which a closer contact with the world would perhaps have been the best safeguard. But our friend, in his self-chosen home-life, was always in sympathy with the world without, thoroughly patriotic and loyal as a citizen and most genial and hearty in his appreciation of whatever was deserving of general regard and esteem. Although a recluse he loved the city, its nearness to his quiet nook of study, the concourse of its streets, its public libraries and exhibitions of art, its repositories of books and engravings, its strong and busy life. He was never willingly away from it. A day's ramble in the country now and then sufficed for out-of-town enjoyments. I could never persuade him to pass a night under my suburban roof. Like Madame de Staël, who preferred a fourth story in the Rue de Bac to all the glories of Switzerland, he kept to the city and shunned a change even in midsummer heats. But, unlike her, his choice was for its solitude and not for its society, and such was the purity of his character that it did not corrode or become debased by being hidden from the light.

He is buried in the graveyard at Tarrytown, beside the old church of Sleepy Hollow. The spot was selected by himself and his brother long ago as a place of family burial on account of its loveliness of situation, its quaint surroundings and the associations which have been woven about it by the master hand of Irving, whose grave is near his own, Hard by this rural solitude, along the iron pathway which skirts it, the heavily freighted trains move day and night, and eager crowds hurry to and fro on their ceaseless errands, while beyond on the broad river the gathered fruits of the cornfields and prairies of the West go to seek a market in the great metropolis or beyond the sea. In this contrast of the grave with its unchanging repose beside the restless, rapid movements of the living we may find an image, not inapt, of the life we have surveyed, so near the stir and rush of the outward world and yet in its calmness and serenity so far removed, and as we turn from the peaceful life and the quiet grave both alike are bright with the best memories of earth and the smile of heaven.

MEMORIAL SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND LITERARY LABORS

OF

Evert Augustus Duyckinck,

READ BEFORE THE

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

ON

THE SEVENTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1879,

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

NEW YORK:
EVENING POST STEAM PRESSES, 208 BROADWAY, CORNER FULTON STREET.

1879.

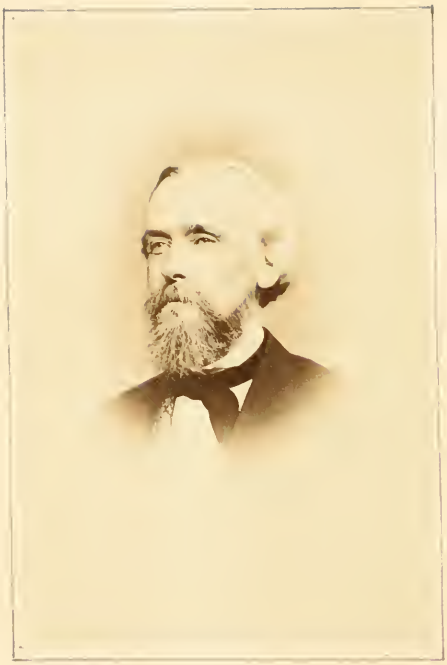
DUYCKINCK AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The death of Dr. Evert A. Duyckinck, which was announced in the EVENING POST yesterday, must sadly remind those of us who know and love our country's literature of the fact that a great change has come over the literary life of America, and that the men of the older school are rapidly passing away.

A generation ago—and it was a generation ago that Mr. Duyckinck's name became familiar to all readers—there was no less truly than now a literary class, but literature was not then, as it is now, a regular profession. There was no mob of professional writers, as there is to-day, who adopted the business of writing as one chooses the law or medicine, and pursued it as bread-winning work. Authorship was love-making to literature then, and writers wooed inspiration as one woos a maid. In this later time we buy and sell in a literary market, studying the public taste much as a purveyor of bonnets does, and supplying those literary wares which the public want and will pay for, subject only to the limitation which honesty and morality impose upon all commercial transactions.

The distinction which we here suggest between the old and the new literary activity of our country is far more real than at first appears, and in some respects it has important significance. It is true that some of the writers of that time had no other business than that of authorship, and that they derived their revenues from their work with the pen; but this was not common. Some of them, like Mr. Duyckinck, were possessed of property, and did their literary work as the proper labor of scholars, working for the public enlightenment and their own fame. Others, like Halleck, were constantly engaged in commercial affairs, giving only their leisure to literature. Drake was a physician, and sold medicines, and was poor; yet he and Halleck contributed the brilliant series of poems by "Croaker & Co." to the EVENING POST, gaining fame chiefly as their reward. In our time they would sell the pieces to the magazines for fifteen dollars apiece, and as fame came would demand a higher price for wares whose market value had increased. Irving, the centre and chief of the New York group, had some property, and some employment from the government, and moreover he was a bachelor and lived inexpensively. In our time he would live at a club, and receive enormous prices for his work. Hawthorne was a customs officer and a consul, and so with nearly all the rest of them, each had some other resource than his pen, and each needed such resource. Poe was without it, and starved.

It is not worth while to regret the passing away of the old system, though we may fairly regret that it must carry away with it some of the fine atmosphere of gentlemanly dignity and reserve which marked the literature that these men produced. There are compensations even here, however. We have trained skill to supply the immensely increased demand for literary work, a demand which has itself wrought the change by making the business of a professional writer reasonably secure and tolerably profitable. Perhaps, also, we have some other advantages, especially in the literature of criticism. If it is no longer possible for the anger, arrogance and malice of a Poe to set all critical laws at defiance, neither would any critical writer of our time deal quite so gently as the Duyckincks did with the shortcomings of small writers. The fine air of courtesy and deference with which writers already forgotten were treated by Dr. Duyckinck saved many a heart-burning doubtless when his criticisms were printed; but with less of the scholarly gentleman and more of the earnest professional critic about him Dr. Duyckinck would have made his critical writings a safer guide to young persons in the study of American literature than they are.



A NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

The Joint Work of the Late William Cullen Bryant and E. A. Duyckinck.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Some of these days a new edition of Shakespeare will probably make its appearance, in very peculiar circumstances.

Three or four years ago one of the New York publishers engaged the services of William Cullen Bryant and Evert A. Duyckinck as editors of the work above referred to. Mr. Duyckinck prepared himself for the heavy part of the work by procuring two copies of an approved edition of the plays, cutting the leaves apart, and pasting on detached sheets of blank paper each successive page of the volumes. He then provided himself with a dozen or more of the most approved editions of Shakespeare, including two variorums and the folio of 1623. Thus provided and thus surrounded, he began with the "Tempest," and went over his pasted and detached pages, line by line, comparing the text on his desk with all the others, and making such changes as seemed to him to be the best authorized and accredited. He sent those corrected and annotated sheets to Mr. Bryant in installments of forty or fifty pages, received them back with Mr. Bryant's comments and approval or disapproval, as the cases might be, and he then finished them for the publisher. In this way and in the course of eighteen months the work was completed, and it was all delivered to the publishers, something more than a year ago. When it is to be published is not yet announced; in fact, I believe that no announcement of the enterprise itself has yet been made. It is substantially, hitherto, so far as the public is concerned, a secret.

But the peculiarity is that here is an edition of Shakespeare which, from the high literary character of its editors, will probably take rank far above any edition ever published in America, which will lack the proof reading and supervision of its editors, both of them having died in the last two months. G.

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THE BRYANT AND DUYCKINCK SHAKESPEARE.

The announcement which was made a little while ago in one of the morning journals that Mr. Bryant and Mr. Duyckinck, working together, had prepared an edition of Shakespeare was so meagre in its revelation of the facts that a good deal of curiosity to know more of the matter has manifested itself, and in answer to inquiries on the subject we have now to lay the facts before the public.

The purpose with which the work was undertaken was to furnish the most perfect and at the same time the most superbly made popular edition of Shakespeare which has ever been published, and to that end both money and labor have been expended upon it without stint. Mr. Bryant and Mr. Duyckinck were engaged to prepare the letter-press, and how this was done appears from the following paragraph, taken from Mr. Bryant's preface, the manuscript of which, dated July 21, 1875, is before us:

"It now remains that something be said of the text of the present edition and the accompanying notes. Among the variations of the text in the old copies, called readings, are many, the genuineness of which is matter of dispute among commentators. Of these, different minds will be apt to make a different choice, and in consequence every edition will, in respect to some of these readings, differ from every other. In selecting the most authentic of this class, I should not have been willing to rely on my own judgment and opportunities, and have therefore sought the co-operation of Mr. Duyckinck, whose studies, habits of research and discrimination fit him in a peculiar manner for the task. With the assurance of his assistance I undertook the work, and it is due to him to say that, although every syllable of this edition has passed under my eye and been considered and approved by me, the preliminary labor in the revision and annotation has been preformed by him."

The text of the edition is founded upon that of the folio of 1623, which has been followed very closely, except in those cases in which the readings of the later folios and quartos are manifestly improvements, and in those other cases in which it appears to be absolutely necessary to adopt the emendations of eminent Shakespearian scholars.

The notes are all to be given at the bottoms of the pages, and the editors have taken the greatest pains to make them as few and as brief as possible, and to make them exhibit rather the net result of criticism and discussion than the criticism and discussion themselves.

Although the labors of the editors were so long ago finished it is not the purpose of the publisher to issue the work for a considerable time yet. Perhaps eighteen months or two years more will elapse before its publication, not because it is the publisher's wish that this shall be so, but because a good deal of time is necessary to the full execution of his purpose to make this the most sumptuous edition of Shakespeare ever published for popular use. He is having illustrations of the most perfect sort prepared, and their due execution is to be secured, regardless alike of time and cost. An artist who has devoted his attention for years to Shakespearian studies, and especially to the costumes and architecture of the times and countries in which the plays and poems are placed, is painting the pictures in black and white, and these are to be reproduced on full-page steel plates. We have been permitted to see those of the really superb paintings which are already finished, together with the trial page of text which has been approved as a model for the work, and may therefore testify in advance to the extreme excellence of the edition, which will be published in forty four parts, making three volumes.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

The death of Mr. E. A. Duyckinck, which took place on the 13th inst., at his residence in this city, will be deeply felt in the literary circles of society, in which he had long held the position of a highly-honored and cherished member. Mr. Duyckinck was the son of a prominent New-York publisher and bookseller, who for many years sustained a high rank in the profession by his intelligence, integrity, and kindly disposition. He was born on the 23d of November, 1816, lacking but a few months for the completion of his sixty-second year, at the time of his death. In 1835, at the age of nineteen, he graduated at Columbia College, where he was distinguished for his studious habits, his classical attainments, and his taste for elegant literature. Five years after, in connection with Mr. Cornelius Mathews, the well-known author and journalist, he established "Arcturus," a monthly magazine, which was continued until 1842. In 1847, he commenced the "Literary World," a weekly journal of literature and criticism, of which, with the exception of a little more than a year, he was the joint editor with his younger brother, Mr. George Long Duyckinck, until its discontinuance at the close of the year 1853. In connection with his brother, he compiled the "Cyclopædia of American Literature" in 1858, a work at that time involving no slight degree of enterprise and courage, based upon an original plan, conducted with signal intelligence and industry, and everywhere exhibiting in its learned pages the marks of extensive research, sound judgment, and rare critical sagacity. Among his other publications may be mentioned, "History of the War for the Union" (1861–'65). "History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time" (1870), "Memorials of Francis L. Hawks" (1871), and selections entitled "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith," with a memoir, and "Poems relating to the American Revolution," with memoirs. Mr. Duyckinck's favorite studies were in the fields of history and criticism. His learning was varied, copious, and accurate. The pursuits of his earlier years were continued with unabated diligence until nearly the close of his life. Few literary men could better claim the title of a ripe scholar. His authority on any question of letters, which was often appealed to even by persons more conspicuously before the public than himself, carried great weight. Mr. Duyckinck was a man of a singularly retiring, and perhaps, reserved disposition. He was probably thoroughly known only to a few of his most intimate friends. He never courted general society, but in the circles which he frequented was always the object of affectionate admiration and respect. In his religious opinions Mr. Duyckinck was in devoted fellowship with the communion of the Episcopal Church. He was a constant attendant on her worship, a sincere believer in her doctrines, and was often called to offices of trust in her secular administration.

The New-York Times,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, who has just died at the age of 62, was a prominent journalist and littérateur here 30 odd years ago, though the rising generation knows very little, if anything, of him. He was descended from an old Knickerbocker family, his father having been in his day a leading publisher and bookseller in the City. The son was a thorough New-Yorker, one of our few literary men who have been born and educated and have spent their life here. He was graduated at Columbia College in his nineteenth year, and five years later he issued, in connection with CORNELIUS MATHEWS, *Arcturus*, a magazine, as the prospectus called it, of books and opinion, which came to an end in two years. He next engaged in editing and publishing, with a younger brother, GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, the *Literary World*, which attracted much attention and exercised considerable influence, but never reached a point of self-sustainment. It lasted five years, a long time for a literary periodical at that time. His chief work, however, was the *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, in which his brother co-operated with him, and which displayed great industry and research, and much capable and conscientious criticism. Albeit a valuable record of our earlier authors, it now seems like ancient history, so rapidly have the country and its literature grown. The majority of names mentioned in its pages as having what was regarded as a somewhat permanent place in literature would not be recognized to-day. Most of the clever authors of the present are new men, men who had not been heard of when the *Cyclopedia* was given to the public. The volumes—there are two—are curious and interesting, as showing the uncertainty and transiency of literary reputation. In less than 30 years we have not only new authors, but new standards for authorship, with a far more rigorous and exacting criticism. The elder of the Duyckinck brothers had written hardly any of late years, living mainly among his books and in retirement, which he could enjoy by reason of a comfortable independence inherited from his father. Those who knew him intimately speak of him as a genial and interesting companion, a gentleman of remarkable purity of life and purpose, and rare scholarly tastes.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck, the well-known writer for periodicals, and one of the authors of the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, died at his residence, No. 20 Clinton-place, on Tuesday, in the sixty-second year of his age. Funeral services over his remains will be held at St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church to-morrow. His son, Rev. Henry Duyckinck, was Rector of this church, and died in 1870 at the early age of 27 years. Mr. Duyckinck was born Nov. 23, 1816, in this City, where his father, Evert Duyckinck, was a prominent publisher and bookseller. He received a good education, and was graduated from Columbia College in 1835. He began to write for periodicals at an early age, and in 1840, when scarcely 24 years old, engaged with Cornelius Matthews in the publication of a monthly journal entitled *Arcturus*, which was devoted to books and opinions. The enterprise was not successful, however, and it was discontinued in May, 1842. Mr. Duyckinck contributed to the early numbers of the New-York *Review*, and, in 1847, assumed the editorship of the *Literary World*. He continued in this position, with his brother George Long Duyckinck as an associate, until the close of 1853. The brothers, by their joint labors, produced in 1856 the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, on which their reputations mainly rest. This work, which is in two volumes octavo, shows much labor and research, and received the commendation not only of American scholars and writers, but was favorably received abroad, and has taken the place with reference to American literature which *Chambers's Cyclopædia* bears to English literature. It is modeled very much on the plan of the latter work, and contains personal reminiscences and portraits of authors and copious selections from their writings. In 1866 a supplement to the work was issued by Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, his brother having died three years before. Mr. Duyckinck also published the following works: *The Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith, with a Memoir*, 1856; *Poems Relating to the American Revolution*, 1865; *History of the War for the Union*, three volumes, 1861-5; *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans*, two volumes, 1866; *History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*, 1870; *Memorials of John Allan*, 1864, and *Memorials of Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D.*, 1871. He was also a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Democratic Review*, the *Morning News*, and other periodicals, and gained an enviable reputation for his scholarship and critical acumen. His life was that of a retired scholar, and was not marked by stirring incident. The death of his brother and co-worker was a sad blow to him, as he himself has borne testimony in the preface to the supplement of the great work by which they will be remembered. Seven years later came the untimely death of his son, who had given promise of a brilliant career. These two events were his griefs, and he bore them manfully and without complaint. He was well known and well liked for his many excellent qualities of head and heart, and though scores of his early friends have long since passed from life, there still remain many who had learned to prize his worth, and to whom his loss will come like a personal bereavement.

FUNERAL OF EVART A. DUYCKINCK.

The funeral services over the remains of the late Evert A. Duyckinck were held yesterday in St. Mark's Church, at the corner of Second avenue and Tenth street, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Rylance, the rector of the Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Millett, of the Church of the Holy Martyrs. The only floral offerings were a bunch of lilies and two sprays of palm. Many old New Yorkers, authors and publishers were present. The pall-bearers were John Bigelow, Frederic De Peyster, Henry T. Drown, John B. Moreau, George H. Moore, Professor Drisler, Allen J. Cuming and Richard E. Morant. The remains were taken to Tarrytown for interment in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetary.

N.Y. World Aug 27-78

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

Funeral Services To-day Over the Remains of the Eminent Author.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck, the well-known author of the "Cyclopœdia of American Literature," "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith," "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans," and other literary and poetical works of equal value, was buried to-day from his late residence, No 20 Clinton place, the funeral ceremonies being held at St. Mark's Episcopal church, Second avenue and Tenth street, the Rev. Dr. Rylance officiating, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Milett, of the Church of the Holy Martyrs. During the ceremonies the remains rested on a catafalque in front of the chancel, and were encased in a chestnut casket, covered with black cloth, and having six silver handles and mountings, the inscription plate bearing the following:—

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.
Born November 23, 1816.
Died August 13, 1878.

Although it had been requested by the family that no flowers should be sent, two sprays of palm and a bunch of lilies lay upon the casket, bearing their own significance. After the regular services of the Episcopal Church were performed and an eulogistic address rendered by Rev. Dr Rylance, the remains were borne to the hearse in waiting and conveyed to Tarrytown for interment in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The pallbearers were John Bigelow, Frederick De Peyster, Henry T. Drown, John B. Moreau, George H. Moore, Professor Drisler, Allen J. Cumming and Richard E. Mount.

The deceased, before his demise, was an officer of the Historical Society, a trustee of Columbia College, a member of the Society Library, of University place, and also had in his possession at the time of his death a library containg five thousand volumes of the most ancient and modern works of literature of the most valuable description. Delegations from all the societies and associations of which he was a member attended the faneral, as also did many well known Knickerbockers.

"A MEMORIAL." Evert A. Duyckinck's fine and just tribute to the life, character and literary work of the late Henry T. Tuckerman, read before the New York Historical Society, January 2, 1872, has been printed, together with an Appendix of Proceedings on that interesting occasion. Boston Transcript, Jan. 30-74

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck, the well known author, died yesterday at his residence, No. 20 Clinton place, in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Duyckinck was born in New York, November 23, 1816. He was the son of Evert Duyckinck, who for many years was a leading bookseller and publisher in this City. In 1835 he graduated at Columbia College, and in 1840 commenced, with Cornelius Matthews, a monthly periodical entitled *Arcturus*, which was continued until May, 1842. He was the first editor of the New York *Literary World* and various other publications, among which was the "Cyclopedia of American Literature."

In the *Memoir of Evert Augustus Duyckinck*, by the Rev. Samuel Osgood, reprinted from the "New-England Historical Register," the author gives some interesting details in regard to the mutual influences of the literature and literary men of New-York and Massachusetts. Mr. Duyckinck is described as a representative of the English type, under the lead of Washington Irving, as distinguished from the Transcendental, and perhaps Germanic, school of thinking, which is so strongly marked by the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson. New-York had led the way in elegant literature, especially in romance, history and popular essays, with the help of Cooper, Irving, and others, while Massachusetts bore the palm in the forum and the pulpit, as illustrated by the eloquence of Webster and Choate, of Everett and Channing. Duyckinck was the strenuous advocate of a New-York school of letters, which should at least match the rising literature of Massachusetts. It seems to have been his ambition, according to Dr. Osgood, to soften the Puritan scholarship by bringing it into contact with the cultured side of the English church. He was the champion of the old English literature as against the new radicalism. As he grew in years and in wisdom, he seemed more and more to combine his love for the old learning with the just appreciation of modern ideas. He thus became, in some sort, a minister of reconciliation between the Puritan and the churchman, the independence of the university and the conservatism of the pulpit. His work was not so much by controversy as by interpretation and conciliation, and has doubtless exerted a powerful influence in bringing about a better understanding between the two leading representatives of the English speaking races in America, New-England and New-York. In his admirable "Cyclopædia of Literature," he introduced the prominent authors and thinkers of each community to one another in a kindly and intelligent manner, and as a critic and a neighbor, he ushered New-England writers and scholars into the society of the Knickerbockers. The invasion of some of the higher walks of culture and thought by New-England scholars did not disturb his equanimity. Both as a man of society and a critic, he was friendly and courteous to the new comers, and grew in sweetness and good fellowship by the exercise of mental hospitality. The quality of Mr. Duyckinck's work is justly described by Dr. Osgood as blending fineness of taste and purity of sentiment, with the habit and the ability of conscientious labor. The dash and fire of some of the successful writers of the day was not congenial to his temperament. His tone of mind was quiet and contemplative, and he regarded art as a ministry of beauty rather than as an utterance of force. The essay of Dr. Osgood is thoughtful and discriminating, catholic in spirit, lucid in statement, and wide in comprehension. It abounds in curious items of recent literary history, and presents a faithful sketch of a ripe and good scholar, who was justly honored in his life, and who still lives in the memory of his kindly ways and his beneficent works.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH

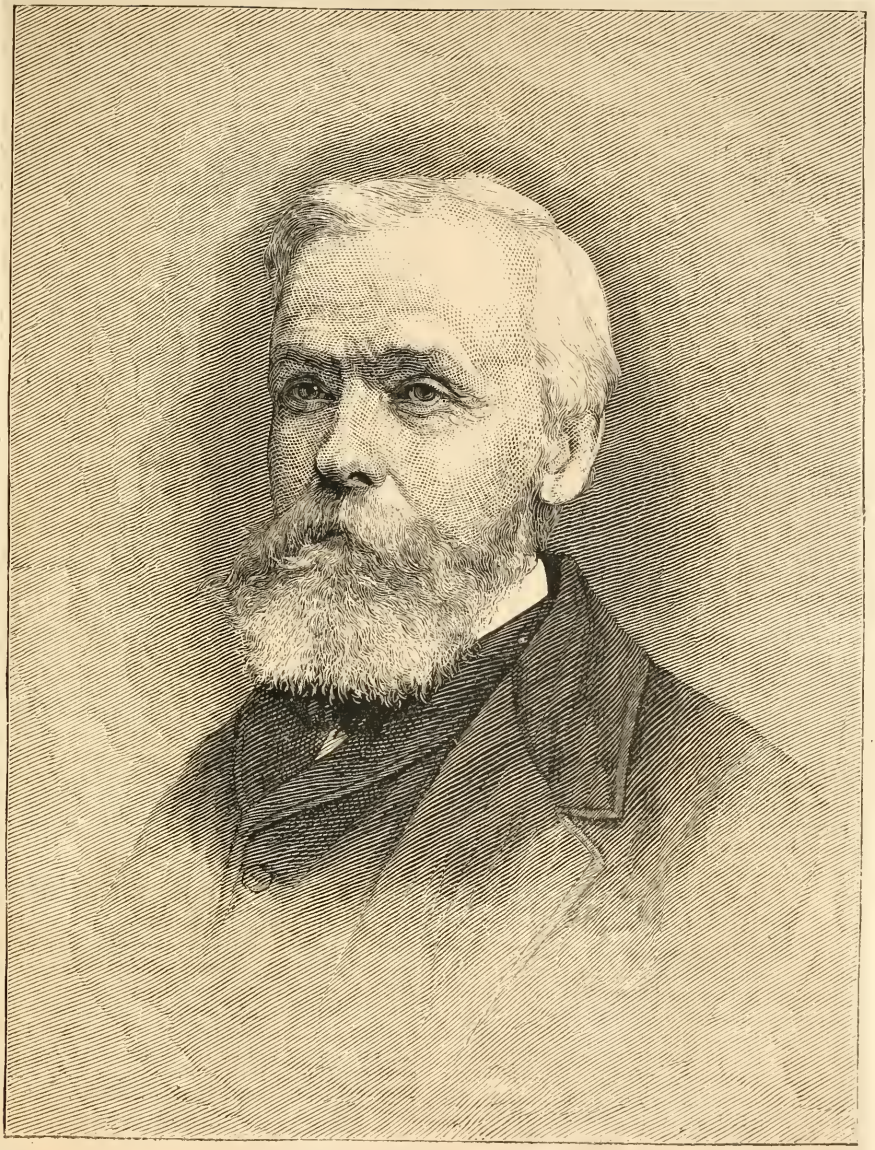
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

Evert A. Duyckinck, whose funeral occurs tomorrow from the historic church of St. Mark's-in-the-Fields—as its parish name still remains—was thirty years ago one of the most popular and esteemed critics of the day. Lowell in his "Fable for Critics," published in 1848, thus referred to him (*Apollo loquitur*):

"Good day, Mr. Duyckinck; I'm happy to meet
With a scholar so ripe and a critic so neat,
Who through Grub street the soul of a gentleman carries—
What news from this suburb of London and Paris?"

Mr. Duyckinck was descended from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families. His father, Evert Duyckinck, was one of New York's pioneer publishers and printers. James Harper was once one of his journeymen. The name of Duyckinck or Long & Duyckinck upon any book was (about 1814–1825) a guarantee of its excellence and typographical accuracy. Evert A. Duyckinck was born in 1816, was graduated at Columbia College in 1835 and was admitted to the bar, but almost immediately went into literature. His brother, George Long (who died in 1862), was also bred to the law, and he also embraced the profession of letters. Their father on his decease left them a fair income. Evert added to it by reviews, newspaper leaders and critiques. Nearly all of his labors are, therefore, ephemeral. But he was known throughout the United States to publishers, authors and editors as a critic without malice or bias, impartial, just, discriminating and with a style much like that of Charles Lamb, whom indeed he much resembled in his constitutional shyness, unctuous and quiet wit, sententious and clever conversation and slight hesitation in speech. He was in every respect a thoroughly genial man, and it is said that no one ever saw him affected by ill temper. He had one of the choicest libraries in the State, and he may be said to have lived in it. He resided during forty years at No. 20 Clinton place, which of late had queer surroundings for a man of quiet and retiring habits. But he so disliked changes. At this residence in years gone by met a literary coterie known as the "Colonel's Club," of which William Allen Butler was Chairman, and Cornelius Mathews, Henry T. Tuckerman, Edward J. Gould, Bailey Myers, Lowell, Fletcher Harper and others were leading members. Its papers were published in the *Literary World*—a publication, like the London *Athenæum*, belonging to and edited by the Duyckincks from 1846 to 1853. In these papers first appeared several of William Allen Butler's early poems, and notably the "Sexton and Thermometer."

Mr. Duyckinck's house was, like that of Rogers the banker-poet, in St. James's square, always the resort of the most eminent literary men of the country. All loved him and he loved all nice men of letters who were not uproarious Bohemians. His best work is the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," in two volumes, published by the father of the present Mr. Scribner, which is a perfect history of American literature down to 1860. Mr. Duyckinck was a thorough æsthetician and should have passed his days in London. He was a gentleman of singularly sweet disposition and with a soul as little soiled by the world as can be possible to humanity. During many years he was a vestryman of St. Thomas's, but latterly of St. Mark's. He died after a brief illness, aged sixty-two.



EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK.

By the death of Mr. E. A. Duyckinck, which took place in this city on the 13th of August, the literary circles of New York lose an honored and highly esteemed member, whose name has been connected with many creditable literary enterprises. The son of a New York publisher who for many years held a prominent position in this city, Mr. Duyckinck, who was born in 1816, early evinced a decided taste for literary pursuits. He graduated with honor from Columbia College, where he was distinguished for his studious habits and classical attainments. A few years afterward he was associated with Mr. Cornelius Matthews in the publication of *Arcturus*, a monthly magazine, and in 1847 started the *Literary World*, a weekly paper, which had an existence of about six years. He also edited a valuable *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, and wrote a *History of the War for the Union*, a *History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time* (1870), *Memorials of Francis L. Hawks*, and, among other compilations, edited an illustrated work entitled *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. Duyckinck was a man of great refinement, ripe scholarship, and extensive reading. In manner he was retiring, and, among strangers, reserved. He enjoyed the affectionate regard of a large circle of friends, who esteemed him for his excellent qualities of heart and disposition as much as they admired him for his literary culture and ability. Mr. Duyckinck was a member of the Episcopal communion, and was often called to offices of trust in the secular administration of that denomination. A portrait of Mr. Duyckinck is given on page 717.

DIED.

DUYCKINCK—On Tuesday, August 13, at his residence, No. 20 Clinton Place, Evert A. Duyckinck, in the 62d year of his age.
Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, on Friday, 16th instant, at 12½ P. M.
It is requested that no flowers be sent. 14,2t

Death of Evert A. Duyckinck.

Evert Augustus Duyckinck died yesterday at his home, No. 20 Clinton Place. He was born on the 23d of November, 1816, in this city, where his father, Evert Duyckinck, was a well-known publisher and bookseller. In 1835 he was graduated from Columbia College, and five years later, in connection with Cornelius Matthews, began the publication of *Arcturus*, a journal of books and opinions. This was discontinued in May, 1842. Mr. Duyckinck contributed to the early numbers of the *New York Review*, and was the first editor of the *Literary World*, the publication of which was begun in 1847. About two years afterward he relinquished the charge of the latter journal to Charles Fenno Hoffman, but soon resumed it, with the assistance of his brother, George L., with whom he continued the editorship till the close of 1853. He also contributed to the New York *Quarterly Review*, the *Democratic Review*, the *Morning News* and other periodicals, gaining the reputation of an accomplished essayist and critic.

In 1856 Mr. Duyckinck and his brother completed and published "The Cyclopædia of American Literature," in two volumes, including personal and critical notices of authors and selections from their writings, with portraits, autographs and other illustrations. This work is one of much value, and its preparation required great research. Its merits have been praised by many eminent scholars, among whom were Edward Everett, William H. Prescott, Washington Irving and George Bancroft. A supplement to the work was published by Mr. Duyckinck in 1866.

Among the other publications of Mr. Duyckinck are "The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith," with a memoir (1856); "Poems Relating to the American Revolution," with memoirs (1865); "History of the War for the Union" (3 volumes, 1861, 1865); "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans" (two volumes, 1866); "History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time" (1870); "Memorial of Francis L. Hawks, D.D." (1871). He also edited an American edition of "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century."

The funeral of Mr. Duyckinck will take place at St. Mark's Church on Friday next at 12:30 o'clock P. M. His son, the Rev. Henry Duyckinck, who died at an early age in 1870, was connected with this church in his brief clerical career.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, AUTHOR.

THE LATE EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK, who died at his residence in New York City, on Tuesday, August 13th, at the age of sixty-two, was thirty years ago one of the most popular and esteemed critics of the day. He was descended from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families. His father, Evert Duyckinck, was one of New York's pioneer publishers and printers. The name of Duyckinck or Long & Duyckinck upon any book was (about 1814-1825) a guarantee of its excellence and typographical accuracy. Evert A. Duyckinck was born in 1816, was graduated at Columbia College in 1835, and was admitted to the Bar, but almost immediately went into literature. His brother, George Long (who died in 1862), was also bred to the law, and he also embraced the profession of letters. Evert was known throughout the United States to publishers, authors and editors, as a critic without malice or bias, impartial, just, discriminating and with a style much like that of Charles Lamb, unctuous and quiet wit, sententious and clever conversation. He had one of the choicest libraries in the State, and he may be said to have lived in it. He resided during thirty-six years at No. 30 Clinton Place, which of late had queer surroundings for a man of quiet and retiring habits. At this residence, in years gone by, met a literary coterie known as the "Colonel's Club," of which William Allan Butler was Chairman, and Cornelius Mathews, Henry T. Tuckerman, Edward J. Gould, Bailey Meyers, Lowell, Fletcher Harper and others were leading members. Its papers were published in the *Literary World*—a publication, like the London *Athenæum*, belonging to and edited by the Duyckincks from 1846 to 1853. In these papers first appeared several of William Allan Butler's early poems, and notably the "Sexton and Thermometer."

Mr. Duyckinck's house was always the resort of the most eminent literary men of the country. His best work is the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," in two volumes, which is a perfect history of American literature down to 1860. Among his other publications may be mentioned, "History of the War for the Union" (1861-'65); "History of the World from the Earliest Period to the Present Time" (1870); "Memorials of Francis L. Hawks" (1871; and selections entitled the "Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith," with a memoir, and "Poems relating to the American Revolution," with memoirs. Mr. Duyckinck's favorite studies were in the fields of history and criticism. He was a gentleman of singularly sweet disposition, and with a soul as little soiled by the world as can be possible to humanity. During many years he was a vestryman of St. Thomas's, but latterly of St. Mark's. He died after a brief illness.